

MAY - 2 1957

modern screen

MAY
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MAY 6 - 1957

DEBBIE and EDDIE at LIZ TAYLOR'S WEDDING
4 pages of exclusive photos

LOUELLA PARSONS:
Bogey's Last Days

INGRID BERGMAN:
"I am not Ashamed"



You're *Prettier* than you think you are!
 ...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care
 Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. *Proof* that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!



*Be Palmolive Sweet
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 It's Wonderful for the Bath!*



Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!



"You'd think I had halitosis or somethin'!"

Molly's remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She'd had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There's no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that's why it pays to use Listerine *regularly*.

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... Listerine kills germs by millions**

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the way Listerine does**

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine *IS* antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

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... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste



Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!

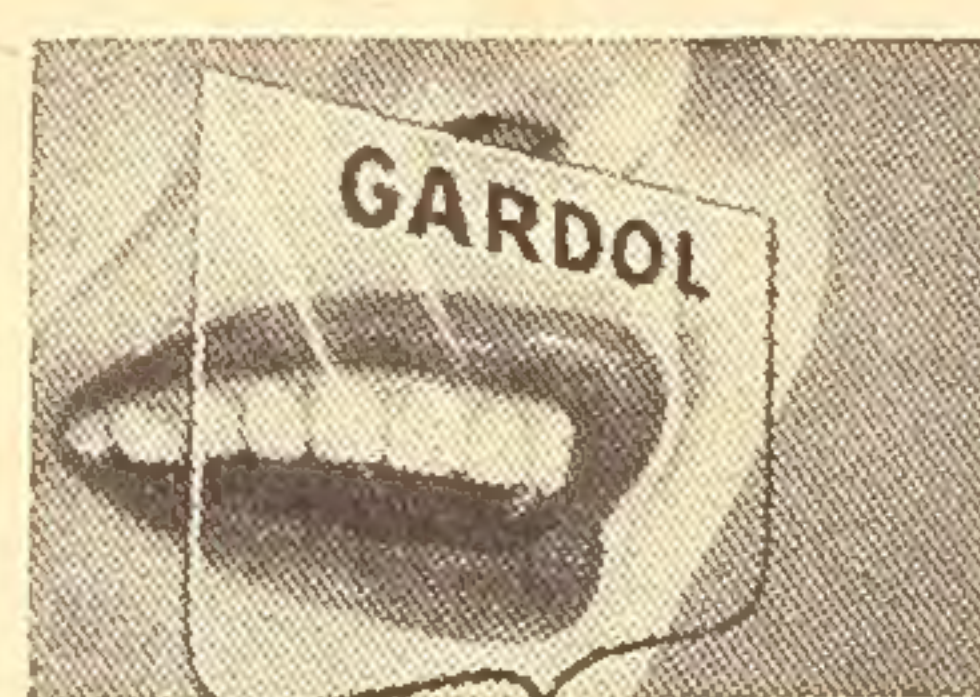


And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



Colgate's with GARDOL

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH**

MAY, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Color portrait of Debbie and Eddie on the cover by E. Bordes Mangel.
Debbie and Eddie can currently be seen in RKO's *Bundle Of Joy*. Watch for Debbie who'll soon be seen in MGM's *The Reluctant Debutante* and U-I's *Tammy*.
Other photographers' credits on page 76.

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From the scrapbook of a DESIGNING WOMAN



*I found him in that
show girl's boudoir!
(and threw things
at him.)*

*My husband's
ex-flame!
(I stuck
pins in her.)*

*He was one
newspaper
man who
knew how
to kiss!*



*Was I crazy to fall
for the big lug?*

*We live in two different
worlds— and when
they collide, wow!*

M-G-M presents for your delight

**GREGORY PECK
LAUREN BACALL**

in

DESIGNING WOMAN

Co-Starring

DOLORES GRAY

Written by GEORGE WELLS, Associate Producer • In CinemaScope
and METROCOLOR • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by DORE SCHARY • An M-G-M Picture



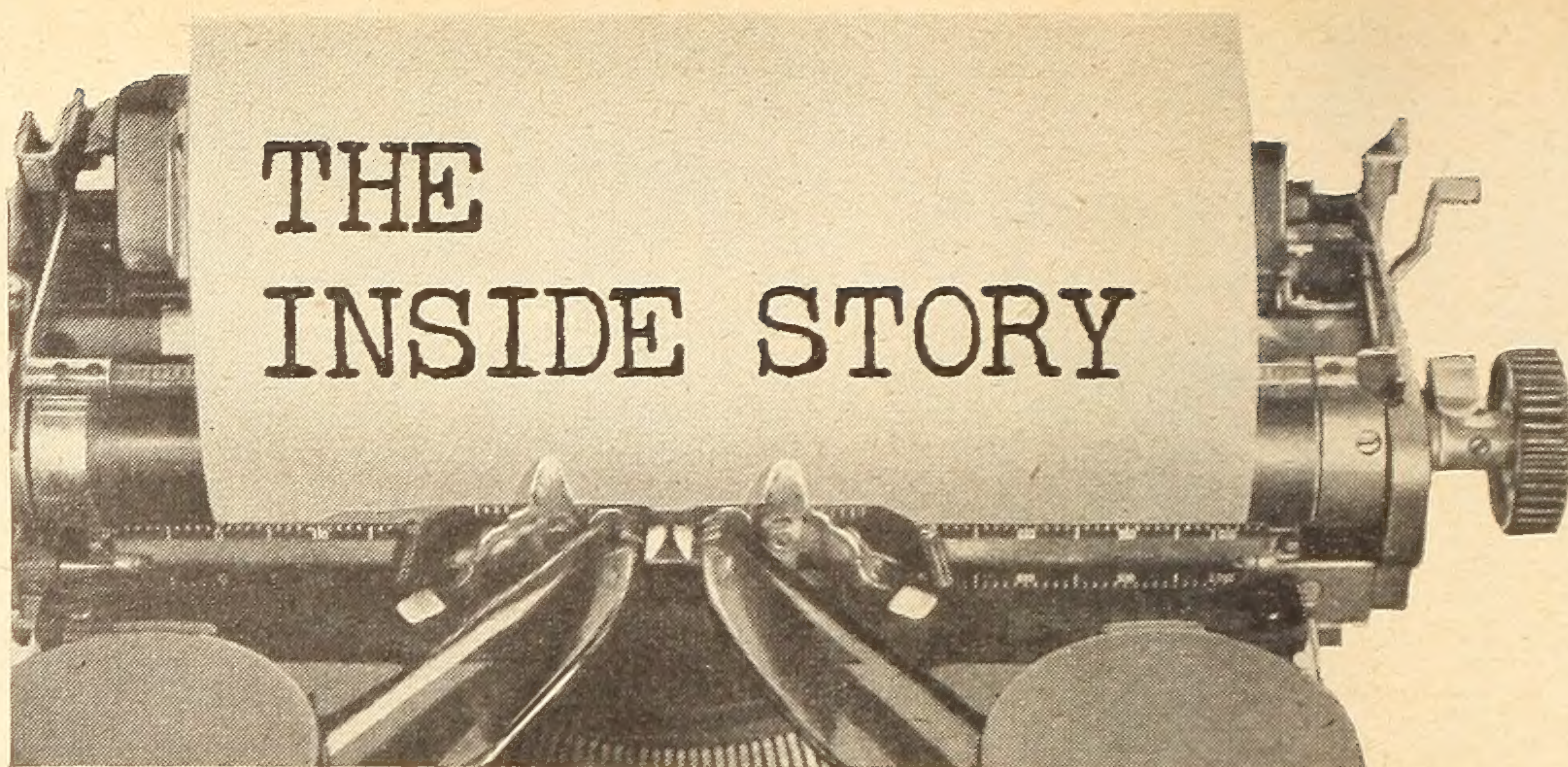
3 WAYS

YOU CAN BENEFIT FROM TAMPAX

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MORE POISE, FREEDOM, PEACE OF MIND. Reading about Tampax advantages doesn't begin to tell you the way they'll make you *feel*. Along with millions of women, you'll tend to forget all about differences in days of the month. There's a Tampax absorbency to suit your needs; a choice of Regular, Super or Junior wherever drug products are sold. Why put off the Tampax decision any longer? *Try it this very month!* Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1.** The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Grace Kelly still has a press agent? If so, why?
—P.T., N.Y.C.

A. Grace still employs a press agent; feels she and Prince Rainier are not equipped to handle press relations alone.

Q. Is the Judy Holliday-Sydney Chaplin romance finished?
—F.L., PASADENA, CAL.

A. Not finished—fading.

Q. When does Elvis Presley report to the Army?
—E.L., TUPELO, MISS.

A. Some time this coming Winter.

Q. How much will Tab Hunter make from his record, "Young Love?"
—G.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. Recording officials say he may earn as much as \$100,000. In the first month his record sold 1,600,000 copies, which means royalties of \$51,200.

Q. Does Audrey Hepburn wear falsies?
—G.K., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. On occasion.

Q. Is the Elvis Presley-Dorothy Harmon romance for real?
—H.S., ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

A. It was; is no more.

Q. Does Pat Boone play around?
—W.L., WINCHESTER, VA.

A. Only with his wife and children.

Q. Did Alan Ladd really turn down the Jimmy Dean part in *Giant*?
—O.G., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. Yes.

Q. Can Esther Williams see without glasses?
—V.F., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Not very far.

Q. My mother, who is a waitress in Las Vegas, told me that Elvis Presley leaves a 50-cent tip for a party of twelve. Does Elvis do such things?
—J.R., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. He used to because he didn't know any better. He's learning rapidly.

Q. Did Alan Ladd ever attempt suicide?
—L.R., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. His mother died in that manner.

Q. Will Doris Day make any money from *Julie*?
—C.R., N.Y.C.

A. Approximately \$500,000.

Q. Will Natalie Wood marry Nicky Hilton?
—H.T., MOLINE, ILL.

A. Too early to tell.

Q. I heard that Mike Todd won Elizabeth Taylor in a gin rummy game. Can this be possible?
—M.E., ELGIN, ILL.

A. Not true.

Q. What is the true age of Maurice Chevalier?
—R.D., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A. 68.

Q. Is it on the level that Grace Kelly's father bought Grace's baby a villa on the Riviera for \$75,000?
—T.O., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. True.

Q. What's happened to Frank Sinatra and Joan Blackman? Will Sinatra ever reconcile with Nancy? How much of the SANDS gambling casino does Sinatra own?
—T.B., NEWARK, N.J.

A. Sinatra and Joan are friends; Sinatra sees his ex-wife and children frequently; Sinatra owns 4% of the Sands.

Q. In *Baby Doll*, did Elia Kazan use only five professional actors? Where did the rest come from?
—I.B., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Townsfolk from Benoit, Miss.

Q. Can you tell me how much richer Jimmy Stewart is than Tyrone Power?
—L.Y., CHEYENNE, WYO.

A. Stewart is a millionaire several times over. Power, owing to alimony and straight salary deals, is not.

Q. Did Tab Hunter ever work as a soda jerk? Was he ever an ice-skating champion?
—F.D., DULUTH, MINN.

A. Yes on both counts.

THE GREATEST EVENT IN MOTION PICTURE HISTORY

as seen through the eyes of a young woman

"I Saw 'The Ten Commandments'"

by Dorothy Rupenian

Age 19, Astoria, N. Y.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS is a spectacular movie, but more than that, it is an inspiring drama that left me with a reverence for freedom, a brighter faith and a renewed respect for movie-making.

Cecil B. DeMille could easily have made this a gaudy panorama of pagan revelry, dancing girls and all the other glours that Hollywood has filmed in the past. Yes, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS has excitement, extravagant sets and costumes—and best of all a convincing Moses in Charlton Heston. But Mr. DeMille hasn't gone overboard to make fiction out of Bible truth; he has let the account in Exodus of the sufferings of the Jews in bondage under Egyptian oppression emerge as a real and significant drama of a people struggling for their freedom.

Liberty and freedom and the right to independence might seem far-fetched thoughts for a Biblical story, but they aren't when you consider that God gave Moses the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai so that men henceforth would have moral law to live by rather than the whims of each new ruler. There are words here that are as meaningful today as they were when Moses said them thousands of years ago to the Israelites.

This was a motion picture that appealed to me visually with its breath-taking scenes of the crossing of the Red Sea, the burning bush and the writing of the Ten Commandments on slabs of stone with fire from heaven. Spiritually, it was a moving experience to see a sacred book of the Bible translated to these immense proportions, through which more people could come to know the beauty and drama of the Bible's Old Testament.

REPRINTED FROM SEVENTEEN, JANUARY, 1957 ISSUE
COPYRIGHT 1957 BY TRIANGLE PUBLICATIONS, INC.



CHARLTON HESTON
as Moses



ANNE BAXTER
as Nefretiri



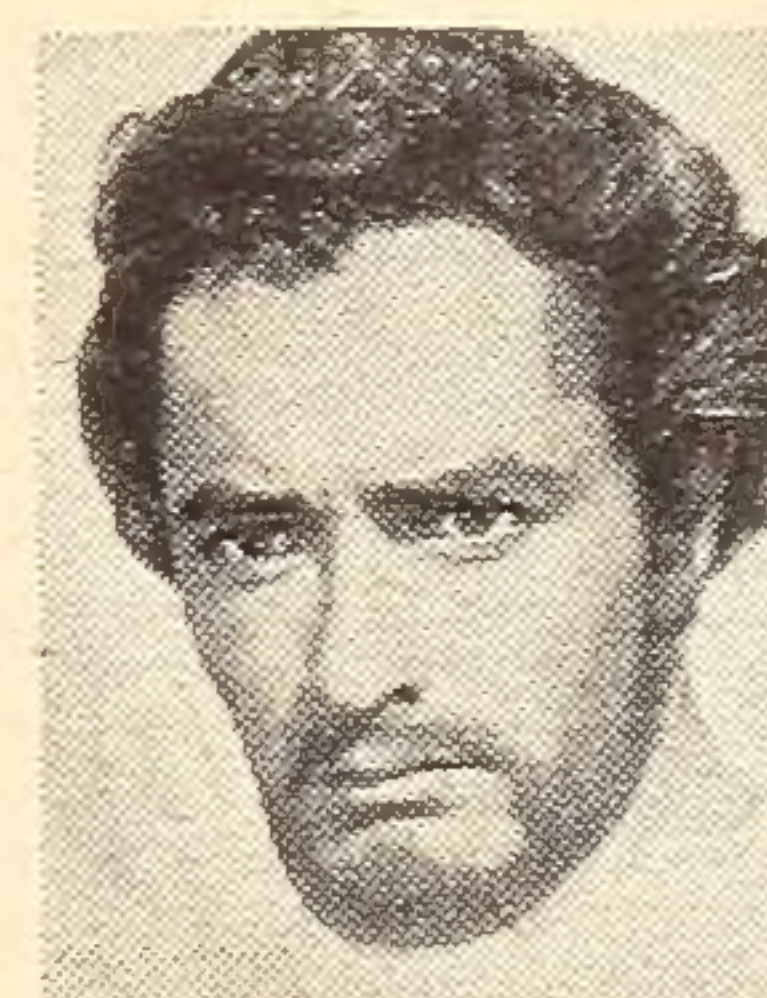
DEBRA PAGET
as Lilia



YUL BRYNNER
as Rameses



YVONNE DECARLO
as Sephora



JOHN DEREK
as Joshua

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
PRODUCTION

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

starring

CHARLTON

YUL

ANNE

EDWARD G.

YVONNE

DEBRA

JOHN

HESTON • BRYNNER • BAXTER • ROBINSON • DE CARLO • PAGET • DEREK

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • NINA FOCH • MARTHA SCOTT • JUDITH ANDERSON • VINCENT PRICE

Written for the screen by AENEAS MACKENZIE • JESSE L. LASKY, JR. • JACK GARISS • FREDRIC M. FRANK Based upon the HOLY SCRIPTURES and other ancient and modern writings

Produced by Motion Picture Associates, Inc. • TECHNICOLOR® AND VISTAVISION • A Paramount Picture

BE SURE TO SEE "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS" NOW OR SOON AT SELECTED MOTION PICTURE THEATRES.



There was a marvelous,
marvelous party . . .
And some sad partings . . .



Danny Kaye and Kirk Douglas clowned for the photographer, and I didn't at all mind being hemmed in by these two! The party was such a happy occasion.



And here's the guest of honor herself, the lovely Merle Oberon, with her oh-so-charming fiancé Bruno Pagliai.



Dana Wynter, lovely as ever in white and gold, never left husband Greg Bautzer's side for a minute. It's love!

GOOD NEWS louella parsons'

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



THE SURPRISING BELLE of the ball at the fabulous affair given **Merle Oberon** in honor of her birthday by **Cobina Wright**, was **Eleanor Powell**! Eleanor, looking like a doll in a blue taffeta ball gown, danced dance after dance with one of our town's best amateur terpsichoreans, photographer Wally Seawall. **Glenn Ford**, who hates to dance, beamed his approval from the sidelines and frequently called to Ellie, "You show 'em, honey" and she showed 'em.

It was a wonderful party studded with stars in their loveliest gowns. Against the background of red hearts, and tables covered with masses of white-and-red camellias in the Valentine motif, I thought I'd never seen so many beautiful women in such beautiful dresses, most of them long.

Lana Turner, her blonde hair sleek and dignified, looked like a doll walking in an ice cream pink satin, very form fitting. She



Judy Garland tells a story like no one else can. And it's easy to see that husband Sid Luft gets quite a kick out of his wife's funnies.



The Tony Martins were a welcome sight. Tony and his lovely Cyd Charisse are stay-at-homes. But they didn't pass up this party!



That's Joseph Cotton standing just a bit behind Janet Gaynor and her designer husband, Adrian. Janet was so excited about her comeback.



It was so wonderful seeing the happiness of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. But the next day, Lana Turner was talking divorce to Lex.

didn't eat much dinner, either. She laughed, "In this dress—an olive would show on me."

Cyd Charisse, who manages to look so beautiful and yet completely natural and un-made-up, was wearing a green chiffon with printed white leaves tumbling from the bodice onto the skirt. She's always very quiet at parties, is Mrs. **Tony Martin**, leaving the whoopla to her good-looking husband.

Danny Kaye started things going with a vengeance when he took over the bongo drums—and I mean he gave 'em the beat! Funny thing is Danny had intended just stopping by the party on his way to Palm Springs—but in the wee small hours of the morning, he was still going strong.

Many of the girls were wearing the new greige color—which, as it sounds, is a combination of gray-and-beige. **Anne Baxter**, very slender these days, wore a v-e-r-y bouffant gown of greige satin along with a lemon

satin stole, a stunning color combination.

Mrs. Kirk Douglas, the popular Anne, was another in greige, hers made of lace. Speaking of Anne, her Kirk looked unusually handsome and **Jack Benny** yelled, "Look at him. Came formal tonight. Both ears!" Of course Jack was referring to Kirk's recent role in *Lust For Life*, in which Kirk appears in a few scenes with just one ear.

Jeanne Crain and **Paul Brinkman** are not only reconciled, they continue to neck when they dance like they were never apart. Jeanne, in a green satin that was so effective with her red hair, said, "It cost Paul and me \$100,000 to realize we're still in love."

I sat at the table with **Judy Garland** and **Sid Luft** and the **Danny Kayes** and all I can say is that Judy is the best audience for a comedian like Danny that I've ever seen. He just breaks her up—and when Judy laughs, she really laughs. She was wearing

a white net skirt with a black top and her eyes were made up in a rather Oriental slant.

You so seldom see the **Robert Taylors** at a big party that they attracted more than ordinary attention dancing together and seeming to have such a good time. Their pals, the **Ronald Reagans**, sat at their table. Ursula Taylor is wearing her dark hair almost shoulder length. She wore a white sheath.

I asked **Janet Gaynor** if it seemed strange to her to be back before the cameras playing **Pat Boone's** mother in *Bernadine* after a screen absence of so long. "No," laughed Janet, "once you've learned to ride a bicycle you always know how."

Dana Wynter and **Greg Bautzer** are still honeymooning—and look it. Her dress was white with gold embroidered bodice.

All in all this was a formal party which was also lots of fun—and you don't always get that kind!

(Continued on page 8) 7



HUNTING or HINTING

for a very special gift?



has the answer!

AIRJET HAIR DRYER, blows hot or cold, hand grip and stand base, perfect for drying nail polish, \$19.95 to \$20.95.

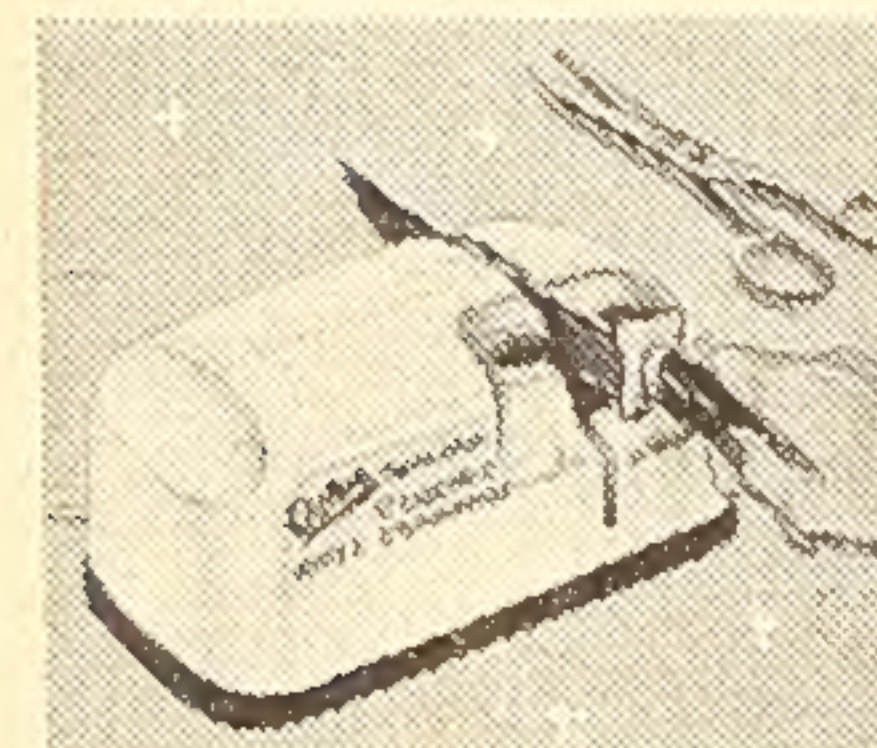
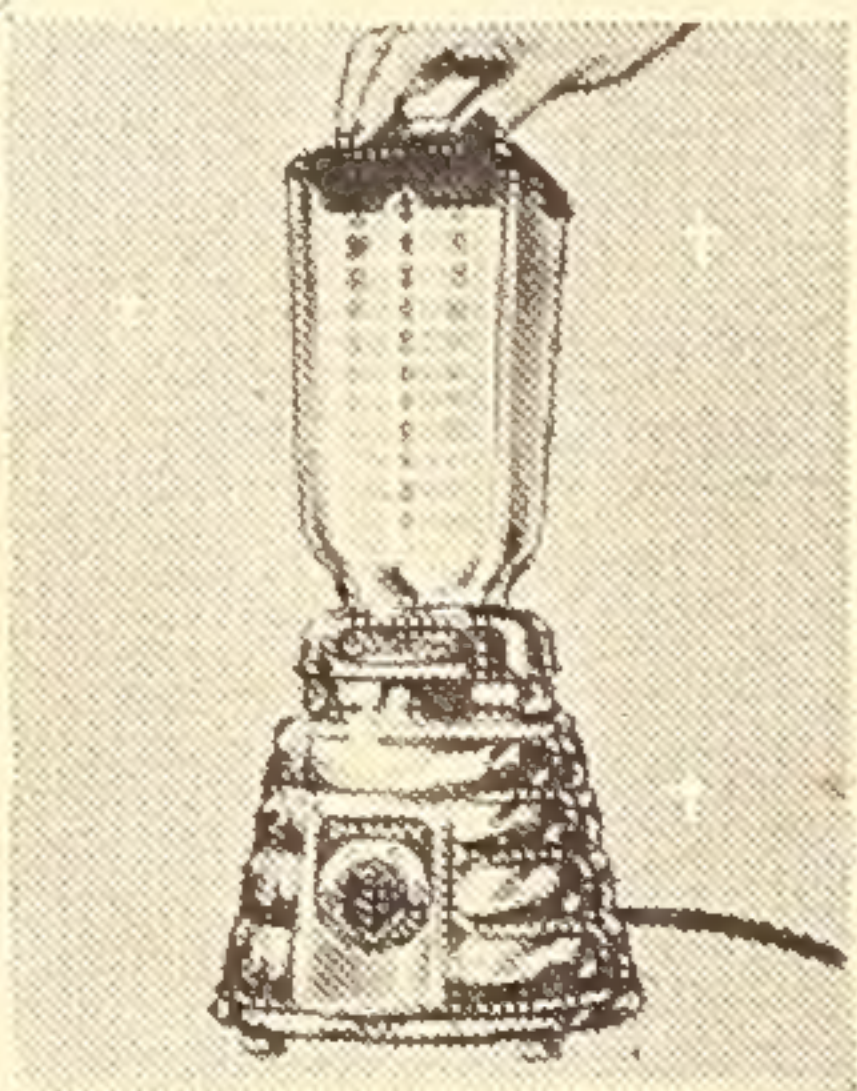


MASSAGETT, soothing gentle massage for facials and tired muscles, packed in beautiful travel case, \$19.95.



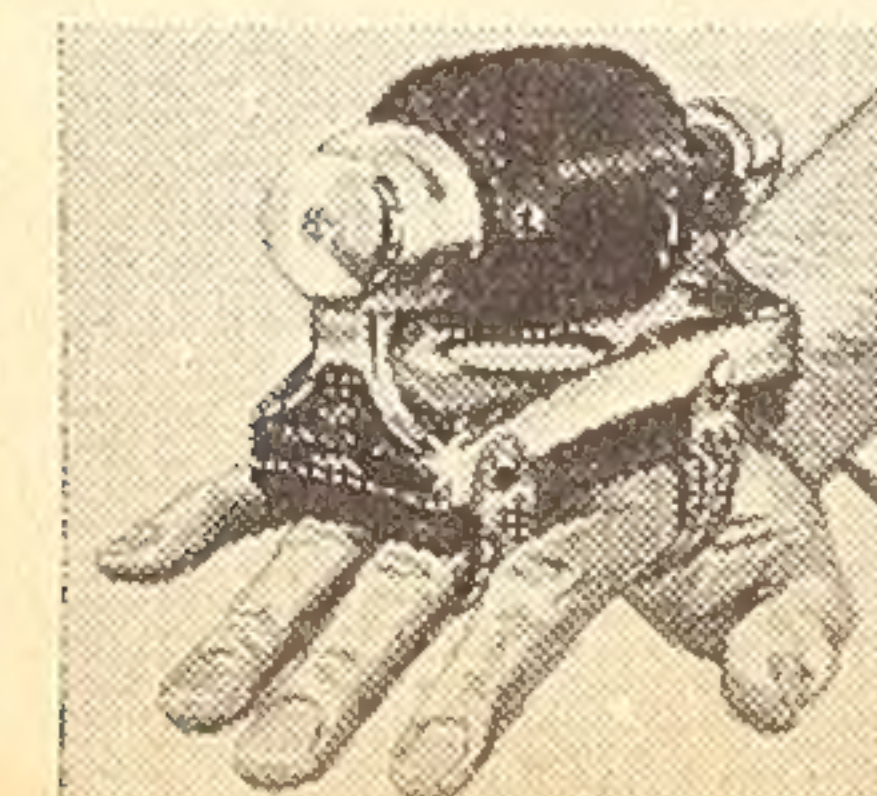
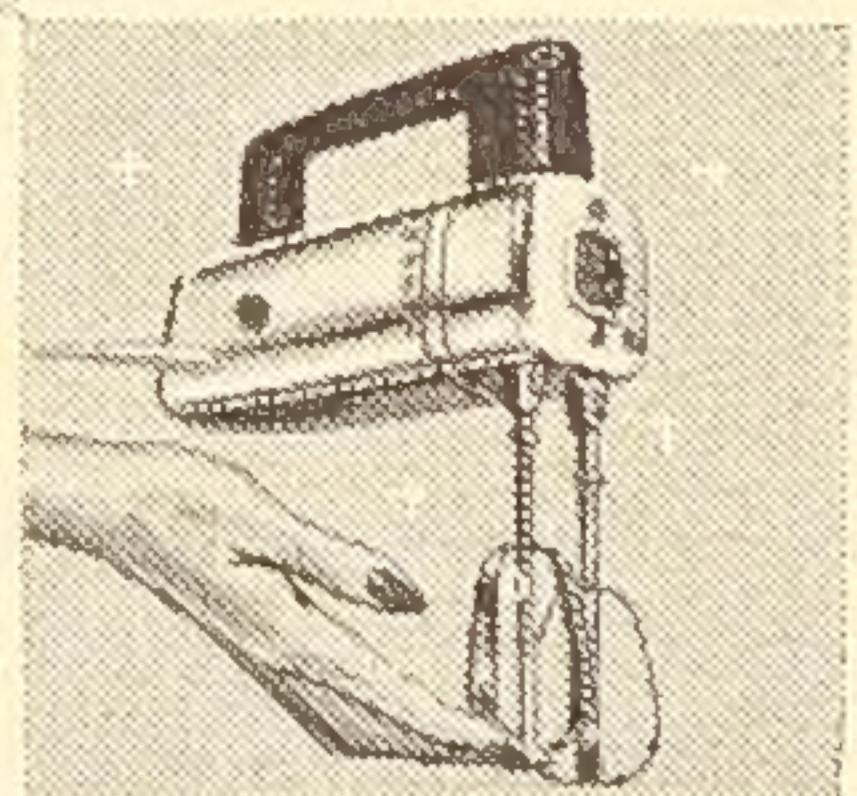
ELECTRIC MEAT GRINDER, effortless, powerful, \$49.95. Ice Crusher Head, \$12.95. Can Opener Head, \$9.95.

OSTERIZER . . . original liquefier-blender . . . \$39.95 to \$54.95. **JUICER • SLICER • SHREDDER** attachment . . . \$39.95.



Double Action KNIFE & SCISSORS SHARPENER . . . hollow grinds both sides of knife at same time . . . \$16.95.

KNEE ACTION MIXER, beaters adjust to contour of bowl. 3 speeds, handy heel rest . . . \$19.95 to \$21.95.



STIMULAX, JR. . . . Effective, soothing, Swedish-type massage at your finger tips . . . \$29.95.

Ever notice how some people have a "knack" when it comes to gift giving? They always seem to find the unusual, the unexpected, the different gift. You too, can be *remembered for your giving*, when you select **OSTER Electric Housewares**. And how about yourself? If you have a very special gift occasion soon approaching . . . *start hinting* . . . for an **OSTER** gift today!

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



Anita Ekberg should change—to how she was!

OPEN LETTER TO ANITA EKBERG:

Come on girl, snap out of it. I mean this brand new act of yours as the aloof movie queen, hiding out from the press, saying you don't want to talk for publication about your marriage to Anthony Steel and all that sort of nonsense. You aren't the type to play your private version of **Garbo**.

If I didn't like the Girl-You-Used-To-Be so much, I wouldn't be talking to you like this, like a Dutch Uncle—or rather, a Dutch Aunt. I remember when you first started to click in Hollywood as our newest statuesque beauty, when you were so thrilled by everything and grateful for your chance. I wrote you an Open Letter then, too, in this department.

I remember praising you for the smart way you were kicking off in your career. For your frankness with the press. For the really good scout you were.

It seems to me that the big change in your tactics came just before your marriage to Steel in Italy, where you had gone to make *War And Peace* as well as to marry the man of your heart. Was it Love or Fame that went to your head so suddenly? Or was it Tony, who is a Britisher—they are notoriously reserved with the press—who talked you into your new mood of turning a very cold shoulder to so many reporters who had befriended you?

Whatever the reason, it isn't too late to change. Some actresses like **Katharine Hepburn** and the aforementioned Garbo can get away with the mystery lady act because they have enormous talent to back it up.

Let's face it, Anita, you are no Duse. You are a Glamour Girl with capital GG's, and the world and your fans want you to be a human goddess, too.

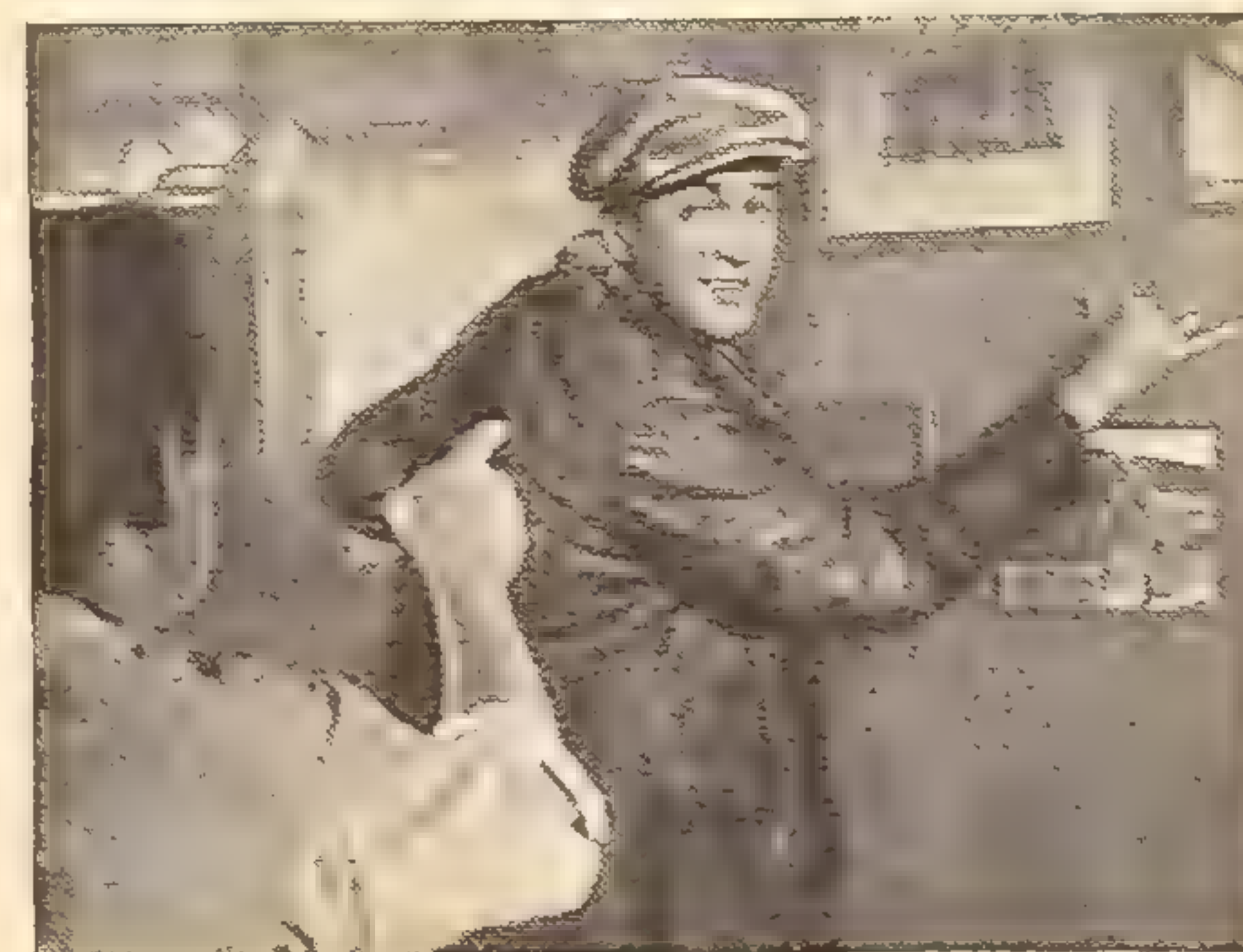
I'M ON MY SOAP BOX to say that I read with mild surprise the other day that **Frank Sinatra** is in his 41st year. I read the figure again to make sure it wasn't his eleventh.

Not that Frankie hasn't piled up enough years to have reached the plateau of maturity and self-discipline which 41 indicates. It's just that he continues to act like a spoiled eleven.
(Continued on page 10)

The screen has never
come so close to
the heart of a man,
and an era--

JAMES STEWART

in his role of roles as
Charles A. Lindbergh



WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

the Spirit of St. Louis

as the
world
held its
breath--

BASED ON THE PULITZER PRIZE BOOK BY
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

SCREEN PLAY BY BILLY WILDER AND WENDELL MAYES PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN



DOUBLE GLAMOUR



Evening in Paris
COLOGNE AND PERFUME
BOTH FOR \$1.00

the price of the cologne alone!



The famous fragrance the French adore
in sparkling cologne and purse perfume.
Perfect pair—to give or to keep.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



That Earl Holliman is big, as actor and man!

It was ridiculous and irresponsible of Sinatra to walk out on a long and well-planned tour of Australia after flying as far as Honolulu on the first lap. Then he indulged in a fit of pique to the point where he cancelled the whole thing and flew back to Hollywood. His temper centered around a pal of his not having a berth on an airline on the flight from Honolulu to Sydney.

Many performers who had been engaged to appear with Frank, the musicians, and the promoter of the tour were minus the star who had promised to appear, and thus suffered small and large financial losses. This little caper may cost Sinatra \$75,000, not deductible from his income tax, in cold cash.

Frank has reached an age and a stage in his career where these small-boy headlines which keep peppering the papers should be well in his tempestuous past. In other words, grow up boy.

YOU GET A GOOD CHANCE to size up a person when they get either good or bad unexpected news in your presence.

Earl Holliman was at my house for an interview for a Sunday story when nominees were officially announced for the ACADEMY AWARDS for which Earl had been widely touted as a cinch for a nomination as Best Supporting Actor in *The Rainmaker*.

When we heard the news from INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE that the five favored ones were named and he was not on the list, his face fell with disappointment. But not for long. "I'd be fibbing if I said I didn't have a sort of sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach," he managed to smile, "but—Bob Stack was wonderful in *Written On The Wind* and Tony Perkins was just fine in *Friendly Persuasion*. I wish them both the best of luck."

"Better luck next time, Earl," I encouraged him.

"Oh, sure," he said, really brightening this time—"now what was I telling you about



It's always Mrs. Boone with velvet-voiced Pat.



Rory and Lita got just what they wanted.

my fascinating life when we were so rudely interrupted?" We both laughed then—and I put this young man down as a really good scout in my scout book.

THEY MADE NO SECRET of the fact, when they were on the stork's expected list, that they hoped the baby would be a boy.

But after a darling little girl arrived **RORY CALHOUN** and **LITA BARON** were very cute about it with each other. "I said all along I wanted a girl," Rory said kissing Lita as soon after their daughter Cindy arrived as the doctors would permit him in her hospital room.

"Of course you did, dear," Lita said tenderly, "I distinctly remember that you insisted on a girl!"

PAT BOONE'S WIFE, Shirley, is not only as pretty as a picture, she has a really wonderful sense of humor.

The evening I interviewed Pat for my newspaper syndicate and we made a date for dinner at ROMANOFF'S, Shirley came along, too. Although it was an informal occasion and no one else at the place was particularly dressed up, Shirley was wearing what might serve as a dinner gown.

"I know I'm pretty dressed up for such a quiet night," she whispered in my ear soon after we were seated at the table, "but I've been pregnant almost all the time we've been married—and I NEVER GET A CHANCE TO WEAR MY PRETTY CLOTHES! I'm taking advantage of the chance while I can."

SPEAKING OF A SENSE of humor—**June Allyson** came up with an unexpected nifty after O. W. Fischer, her co-star of *My Man Godfrey*, and director Henry Koster battled so furiously on the set that the German actor left the cast in the middle of production. Cracked June, "This is one break-up they can't blame on me." Whatever did she mean by that????

(Continued on page 12)

Casual 'n carefree! These new
softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer—your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



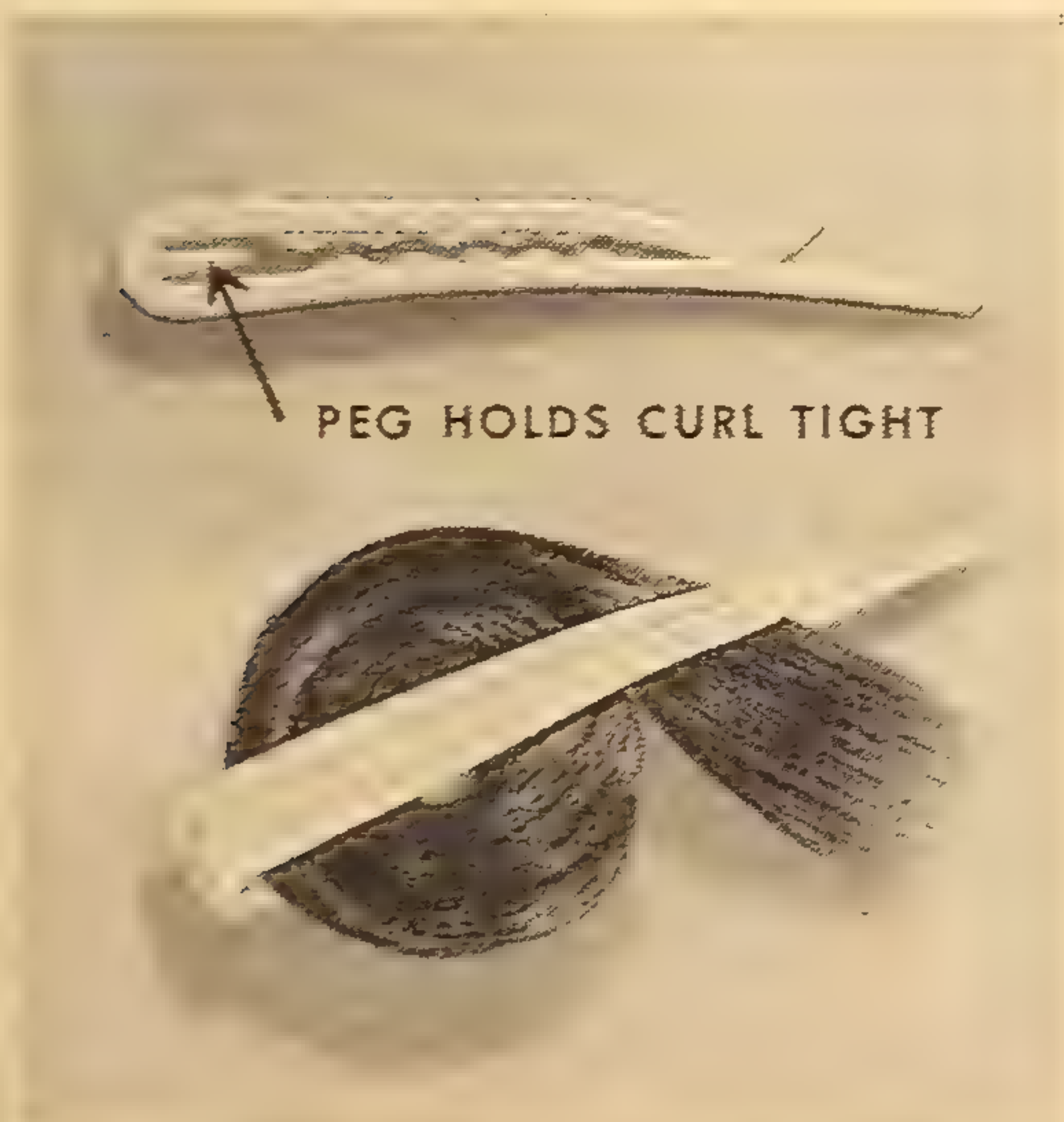
BOBBI's soft curls are just right for the pert new *Honeycomb* hairdo. "Casual Pin-Curlers" make BOBBI easier, prettier than ever!



BOBBI girls have soft hairstyles like *Silk-Fluff* right away, thanks to "Casual Pin-Curlers." No new permanent look—ever.



BOBBI with "Casual Pin-Curlers" gives you this flattering *Sea-Shell* hairdo and your permanent—all in one setting.



New "Casual Pin-Curlers" make smoother pin-curls! No loose ends. Can't slip, crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Curved to sleep comfortably. Use for setting after shampoos.

See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.

Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers, all in pink plastic, plus new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

Watch the BOBBI TV Shows... "Blondie" and "Valiant Lady"!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



June Allyson, Dick Powell and the two little Powells . . . can June let this happy picture die?

"I DON'T KNOW WHY June wants this separation," **Dick Powell** told me sadly. "I certainly don't want it. I'm as much in the dark as anyone else about why she did it."

It had been no secret from anyone that **June Allyson** and Dick Powell had had their share of arguments and misunderstandings during their eleven-and-a-half years of marriage. And yet, because Dick is really understanding and indulgent with June, they always seemed to patch things up and go on—if not ecstatically happy, at least seemingly contented.

So it came as a surprise when June made an announcement that she and Dick were separating. Outside of saying "We haven't been seeing eye to eye for some time, but there's no other man and no other woman," June did not enlarge on the subject of the separation she had asked for.

Of course the gossips were quick to go into action. They pointed out that young, good-looking actor **Rod Taylor** had been almost a daily visitor on the set of *My Man Godfrey*, the movie June is making at U-I., and he and June appeared to be most sympathetic toward one another.

Personally, it's hard for me to believe that June would break up her marriage because of any interest in a struggling young actor. It's true she likes to flirt, but Dick knows that and has always shrugged his shoulders with amusement over it. I've always thought he knows and understands June better than she knows and understands herself.

It was just last summer I ran into the Powells in Paris and they asked me to celebrate their eleventh anniversary with them at *MAXIM's*. Dick gave June a beautiful diamond brooch—with much love and kisses—and they seemed so happy.

I can only echo Dick's words, "I hope she comes to her senses"—and before it's too late, before she loses Dick's love, her children, her home and her happiness.

DROPPED IN on **Lauren Bacall** at home and found Betty at her desk answering the stacks and stacks of mail that have poured in since Bogey's death.

"So many of the letters from perfect strangers are so sincere and heartwarming I want

to answer them myself," Betty told me. There are still evidences of the great strain she went through following Bogey's death and funeral—it shows mostly in her thin figure—but Betty has such remarkable inner poise and courage that I can truthfully report that she is coming along well—or as well as can be expected.

It seems to be a release for her to talk about Bogey.

"As I read some of these letters which refer to him as the nearest thing to a saint walking the earth, I think how amused and cynical about that he would be. I can just hear him saying, 'Tell 'em they're crazy in the head. I don't want to be thought of as a goodie.' He would be quite insulting about it outwardly—and inwardly he'd be so very pleased."

Outside of a short visit of a week to Palm Springs with the children, Betty hasn't been any place. When I suggested a trip while she's waiting to find a new picture she might like, she smiled and said, "I still take my heart with me. No, I think it best if I stay here with the children in familiar surroundings for a time. Being in this lovely home Bogey bought for me doesn't sadden me—it's comforting."

IF LEX BARKER HAS HIS WAY, he and **Lana Turner** will be all made up and a couple of turtle doves again by the time you read this.

Following a squall which started in a dentist's office—of all places—and really blew up a storm in a parking lot with both Lana and Lex telling each other off in no uncertain terms, Lana ordered her handsome, athlete husband out of their home. Or I should say her home. It was Lana's before their marriage.

Seldom have I talked to a sadder human than Lex the morning after he ankled over to a motel in the middle of the night and read in the morning papers that Lana was thinking in terms of divorce.

Sounding like he was going to burst into tears at any minute, Lex gulped all through our talk, saying to me, "I love Lana—and I want her back."

"We have been having arguments for some time over something that is very serious to

us both and which I cannot discuss. Tension has been building up until, well—we just exploded the other afternoon when I met her and Cheryl at the dentist's office.

"After four years of a wonderful marriage, I just can't believe that Lana means it when she says this is final." I might add, neither do I.

However, in all honesty I must say that the coolness between the Barkers at the birthday party given for Merle Oberon just a few nights before the blow-up was remarked on by several of the guests.

As pretty as she looked, all dressed up in a pink gown, Lana spent a large part of the evening in the powder room leafing through a new magazine while Lex danced and joined the stag line swapping jokes in the bar.

Someone said to me, "Do you think Lana and Lex are having a tiff?"

I said, "It wouldn't be the first, and it probably won't be the last"—and I sincerely hope that this is equally true of their latest battle even if it did break into print.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY FLEW all the way back from London to give her son Miguel his second birthday party. Two of the belles of the ball were his pretty dark-eyed sister Maria, four months old, and Kelly Lee, daughter of **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis**. There were many other very cute children there.

Only a few days later, Rosemary telephoned me from Toronto, where she was appearing, to say she was expecting her third child in October. She seemed (Continued on page 14)



It's so hard for Lauren Bacall to accept Bogey's death. They were so very happy together.



A sad parting-of-the-ways for Lana and Lex Barker. But how he's trying to get her back!



HAIR BY SALLY VICTOR

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)



VETO is for you
in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



or Mist

One touch of VETO
dries away perspiration worries!



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

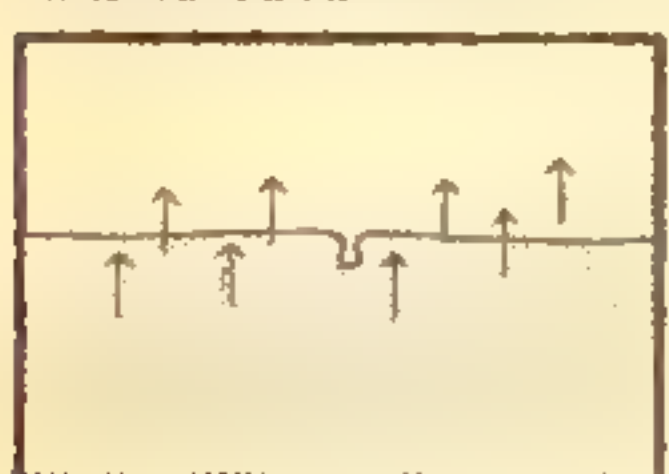
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . kera-
tolytic action softens and dissolves
affected skin tissue . . . permits
medication to penetrate down into
any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic
action of this new type medication
stops growth of bacteria that can
cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEAR-
ASIL's famous dry-up action
'starves' pimples because it helps
to remove the oils that pimples
'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



**Largest-Selling Pimple
Medication in America (including Canada)**

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



This was one party I wouldn't have missed for the world! Never had so much fun celebrating a birthday party for a handsome young man—aged two! Janet Leigh was as swamped as I was!



No use having a color photo of Karen Sharpe, 'cause everything she owns is black or white.



Venetia Stevenson's concentrating on her career these days, and a fine actress she is, too!

very happy. When Rosemary and **Jose Ferrer** were married, she told me she expected to have a lot of children and she's certainly keeping her word.

SPEAKING OF CLOTHES—every garment in **Karen Sharpe's** wardrobe is either black or white—or black and white. "It's a new kick I'm on, and I like it," the aqua-eyed, titian-haired Karen laughs. "Also, my new apartment is all in black and white—black floor, white rugs—and my new car is black and white, too."

She says her dates seem to like it. "One man I like very much said mine was the only girl's apartment he could walk into with a newspaper under his arm—without upsetting the color scheme!"

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—Venetia Stevenson: The nineteen-year-old blonde with the aqua-blue eyes and Grecian profile hopes that soon the fans will forget that she is the girl who stayed married to Russ Tamblyn for just ten months, and start recognizing her as a serious young actress.

"It is too bad that most of my publicity so far has been centered on our romantic Valentine's Day marriage in 1956—and our

separation, which came so suddenly—two months before our first anniversary," she says. Venetia's only explanation is, "We were too young," and that's as far as she goes.

But you'll be hearing more and more of her as an actress; I happen to know they are planning big things for her at WARNERS after taking over her contract from RKO.

That this unusually poised and independent girl was born with talent is no surprise considering that her mother is the well-known British actress Anna Lee and her father, director Robert Stevenson. Born in London, March 10th, 1938, she escaped the Blitz of England during World War II when her father brought her to the United States at the age of two.

"I can't remember any background but Hollywood," Venetia says. "Even when I was going to school at CHADWICK and the WESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, I was very conscious of my theatrical heritage and that my real business at hand was just becoming old enough to launch my career. Nothing else was important." Russ might say "Amen" to that, because when they parted he said, "Our backgrounds were too different for us to be happy." Venetia's current chance to shine is with **Jane Powell** in *The Girl Most Likely* and

(Continued on page 16)

"...takes to water like a duck"



It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

WEATHERPROOF!

Soft, shiny curls! Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last*! New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer... you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. \$1.75 plus tax.



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PIN-QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



Some fans don't like Debbie and Eddie in the same film.



Awards for Dorothy Malone and Robert Stack? Could be!



There's a beauty about Pier that's different.



Is Kim Novak mean to beau Mac Krim?



Too many headlines for Natalie Wood?

just recently she was chosen by the GREATER LOS ANGELES PRESS CLUB as their Miss 8-Ball of 1957. I guarantee you'll be hearing more and more about this talented girl, and in a big way.

THE LETTER BOX: "I'm a young married woman (20) and my husband raises you-know-what with me for being an **Elvis Presley** fan; says I'm too old for such hysteria. We've had some serious quarrels over it. He's 27—and his eyes pop out of his head over **Marilyn** and **Jayne Mansfield!** Who's right?" asks WILMA WILLIAMS, DAYTON, OHIO. To each his own, Wilma—and don't take these things too seriously. . . .

Can't list all the letters received protesting that I "seem to be switching over from **Elvis Presley** to **Pat Boone**"—and the dire warnings I get that those letter-writers won't read me if such a dire fatality occurs. I'm neutral, girls, honest I am—I like both boys personally. . . .

T.M.K., BUFFALO, NEW YORK, speaks for one side of another controversial subject: "I think **Debbie Reynolds** and **Eddie Fisher** were just wonderful together in *Bundle Of Joy*. It added to my enjoyment to know they are married sweethearts in real life." . . .

On the other hand, ELAINE ELLIS, COLUMBUS, is just as firm in stating, "If they want to kill off Debbie and Eddie in a hurry just keep teaming them on the screen. All I could think of during *Bundle Of Joy* is that they had to rush home to see that the baby got the right formula. This is romantic?" . . .

"I like **Kim Novak** as an actress but I think she treats her best beau **Mac Krim** shamefully," writes PRUDIE BEAUCHAMPS, BROOKLYN. If Mac can take it and keep coming back for more, I guess you can too, Prudie. . . .

From SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, HELEN YOKOI opines: "**Ray Danton** is the most overlooked big bet in Hollywood today. What's the matter with those Hollywood producers?" I must say you aren't the first girl to write these sentiments to me. Ray seems to be building steadily with you young ladies in your later teens.

JOYCE KIRK saw *Written On The Wind* and says: "My girl friend and I can't stop talking about this picture—simply wonderful. We thought **Robert Stack** was the MOST!" This has been one of the big box office smashes of the season, Joyce, so you aren't alone in your enthusiasm for the picture, or Bob. . . .

Many letters extending deepest sympathy to **Lauren Bacall** over the loss of **Humphrey Bogart**. ANN BOWERS expresses the sentiment of many fans when she states, "Our hearts salute Bogey's beloved Betty for the love and courage she brought to his last tragic days. He will never be forgotten." . . .

KIO, of TOKYO, complains: "**Natalie Wood** deeply impressed as good actress in *Rebel Without A Cause*. But silly publicity in private life does not build her up. Take lesson, please." . . .

DOTTIE GUARDO, EL PASO, states flatly, "**Pier Angeli** is the most beautiful girl on the screen today. My mother agrees and says she is the only one who compares to the beauties of the days when she was a screen star, meaning **Billie Dove**, **Katharine MacDonald** and **Norma Talmadge**." Those are nice words for Pier, Dottie. I'm sure she'll be most pleased to read what you and your mother think about her.

That's all for now. See you next month.

***the kiss of spring for your hair...* Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo**

... the outdoor fragrance, clean feel and young look that make you happy-to-be-alive! Exciting new Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Fine, rich lather cleanses thoroughly, gently ... safeguards the precious natural oil that keeps your hair soft, easy to manage—sparkling with Springtime freshness all year 'round.

Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo by Lenthéric—69¢ and \$1.



"I EXERCISE TO MAKE IT EASIER TO HAVE MY BABY"

by Gina Lollobrigida

I must admit it. Within twenty seconds after the doctor told me I was right, that Milko and I were going to have our first child, my thoughts drifted from the happiness of the *bambino* that was coming—to ecstasy over the coming months of laziness! 'I will sleep till noon, every day,' I thought. 'Then I will sit on the terrace until the sun goes down. And Milko will wait on me so I will not move from my lounge till it is time to go to sleep.' What blessed thoughts after so much picture-making and the years and years of starting the day even before the sun rises. But I did not know my doctor-husband!



'Exercise!' Milko commanded. 'Remember I am speaking to you as *Doctor Milko Skofic*!' And he explained to me that strong abdomen muscles make it easier for the little one to get itself born. So every morning—and I say this with such a great sigh!—I get up with the sun to do gymnastics. Milko is kind; he sits and keeps me company. And instead of lolling on the terrace with a book and a box of chocolates as I had previously planned to do, I walk for hours through the woods and along the seashore . . . after Milko is satisfied that I have strengthened my abdomen muscles enough for one day! And if God helps me, I should have my child toward the end of July. Perhaps then Milko will let me be lazy?





These are the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her *right* hand was treated with Jergens. This photo is *unretouched*.

Simple as ① ② ③ to stop "Detergent Hands"

It's simple to have lovely hands. Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test.* They soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In a few days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse, red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed

soft, lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film...it *penetrates* to help replace the natural moisture lost to wind, weather and daily chores. Only 15¢ to \$1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter
Whistle Clean



—for clear, liquid Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film. Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!



NATALIE LOSES A BET

■ In *The Burning Hills*, Natalie Wood had to say a few words in Spanish. Tab Hunter, who co-starred in the film, was forever teasing Natalie about her pronunciation, and she was determined to prove to him that she had really mastered the language.

After the premiere of the film, Tab invited Natalie to a late supper, but she pulled a switch. "I'm inviting you," she said. "You keep saying I can't speak Spanish. Well, suppose we drive over to Olvera Street and have a bite in one of those native restaurants. I'll order in Spanish, and if the waiter doesn't understand me, I'll stand the check."

Natalie, who for weeks had practiced rolling her "r's" in the best Spanish fashion, ordered "enchiladas de morronga." The waiter seemed very startled.

"Enchiladas de morronga?" said he. "Sí" answered Natalie.

Time went by. After more than half an hour, Tab asked the waiter what was holding things up.

"It's a special dish," said Natalie, "and it takes time to prepare, right?"

"Oh yes," replied the waiter, "we've never had an order like this."

"See what I mean?" said Natalie.

"Yeah, but what's so special about it?" insisted Tab.

"Well, Miss Wood ordered cat-meat enchiladas—and we had to send out for a cat," said the waiter.

"Cat-meat!" gasped Natalie. "I wanted enchiladas made with that spicy Mexican stuffing I've heard about."

"Oh, in that case," replied the waiter, desperately trying to keep a straight face, "you wanted 'moronga', not 'morronga'. In Spanish, 'morronga' means cat; 'moronga' is the stuffing!" And in Spanish, the difference in pronunciation between one "r" and two "r's" is a big difference.

Tab roared with laughter. Natalie had overdone her Spanish pronunciation—by one "r" too many!

"But never mind, Natalie," grinned Tab, "I'll pay anyway. You save your money for more language lessons!" **END**



Watch for Natalie in Warners' *Bombers B52*. Tab's in Warners' *Lafayette Escadrille*

A SURPRISE FOR MERLE

■ When Merle Oberon recently admitted to the press that she was going to marry the millionaire Italian businessman Bruno Pagliai, she said "He is charming, clever, and sophisticated." What Merle didn't know was that he's also a practical joker.

It all started when Bruno—who, among other things, is owner of Mexico's swankiest race track—invited his future bride to weekend at his Mexico City villa. Naturally, he wanted her to feel completely at home. The servants were told to be especially attentive; the cook stocked up on the tea and jam Merle always has for breakfast; the chauffeur polished the flaming red Alfa-Romeo sports car which will be Bruno's wedding present to Merle. But Bruno *had* forgotten something: he had already invited an old family friend, an Italian countess, to spend a day or two at his estate.

Now Merle could not possibly be put in the main house, because there was no proper chaperon. But then again, neither could Bruno ask Merle to share the guest house with the countess—they didn't know each other. There was only one solution: get rid of the countess.

Chairman of the board of a dozen corporations, used to making snap decisions involving millions, builder of factories throughout the world—this time Bruno was stumped!

In fact, he was at his wit's end. When suddenly one of the oldest tricks in the world occurred to him.

Bruno let loose a dozen white mice in the countess' room. She fled!

But now Bruno was in even worse trouble than before. He had to get rid of the mice before Merle arrived!

He needn't have worried. As things turned out, Merle *likes* white mice, and she thought it was so sweet of Bruno to fill her room with her favorite pets!



"Love at First Sight"

WITH ROMANTIC
Flame-Glo®
"TRIPLE-STAY" LIPSTICK



only **39¢** each

3 New "Goin' Steady" Colors!

PROPOSAL PINK

soft and enchanting, like the tone of wedding bells!

ORANGE GLAMOUR

explosive! dynamic! "whistle stop" kissing magic!

CELEBRITY PEACH

the answer to that "love on your lips" look!

Enjoy kissable, color-fresh lips all day, every day, with romance-inspired Flame-Glo, made with exclusive "Fastenol". Assure yourself of satin-smooth lip beauty that remains dewy-moist and brilliant. *Never becomes pasty or stale-looking.* And the color stays until you remove it! All 3 exciting new shades color-compliment your spring-summer outfits.

Coordinated colors in glamorous golden swivel case only 39¢. The same shades are available at 15¢ and 29¢. Slightly higher in Canada.

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Kissable Look
LIQUID MAKE-UP



Don't forget... Flame-Glo's "Kissable Look" Liquid Make-Up for that always-fresh complexion boy friends adore. Non-streaking, non-drying... thanks to its wonderful lanolin base. In unbreakable squeeze bottle... only **39¢**

Buy Flame-Glo at popular price cosmetic counters everywhere

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

See lovely ELEANOR PARKER in M-G-M's
THE SEVENTH SIN in CinemaScope



SUPER-SOFT

LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!

HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only \$1.25 plus tax.



MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, here
are some of the stars you share it with!

- May 1— Glenn Ford
Anthony Steel
May 4— Audrey Hepburn
May 5— Tyrone Power
May 6— Stewart Granger
May 7— Anne Baxter
May 8— Lex Barker
May 15— James Mason
May 16— Harry Carey, Jr.
May 18— Ezio Pinza
May 20— Jimmy Stewart
May 21— Bill Williams
Raymond Burr
Kay Kendall
May 22— Susan Strasberg
May 23— Rosemary Clooney
Joan Collins
May 25— Steve Cochran
Jeanne Crain
May 26— John Wayne
May 28— Sally Forrest
May 30— Clint Walker
May 31— Elaine Stewart



Bing Crosby
May 2



Gary Cooper
May 7



Joseph Cotten
May 15



Henry Fonda
May 16



Laurence Olivier
May 22



Peggy Lee
May 26

Your birthstone is an emerald!
Your flower is the lily of the valley!

If you want to send your favorite stars
a birthday card, write to them in care of
their studio. If you're not certain which
studio they are with, write the stars
c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Holly-
wood Blvd., Hollywood, California.



*Her love story...
will have a happy ending*

She knows that she's in love *for keeps* . . . and, of course, she's dreaming of the kind of *home* that will keep their young romance alive for a lifetime.

Bit by bit—little by little—she's having the fun of collecting lovely personal things that will give that "dream home" warmth and character—things that will identify their home.

That's why a Lane Cedar Chest has become a tradition—symbolizing the importance of the future home in a *lasting* marriage—lives on and on, shaping the dreams of girls in love who plan for genuine happiness in the years ahead.



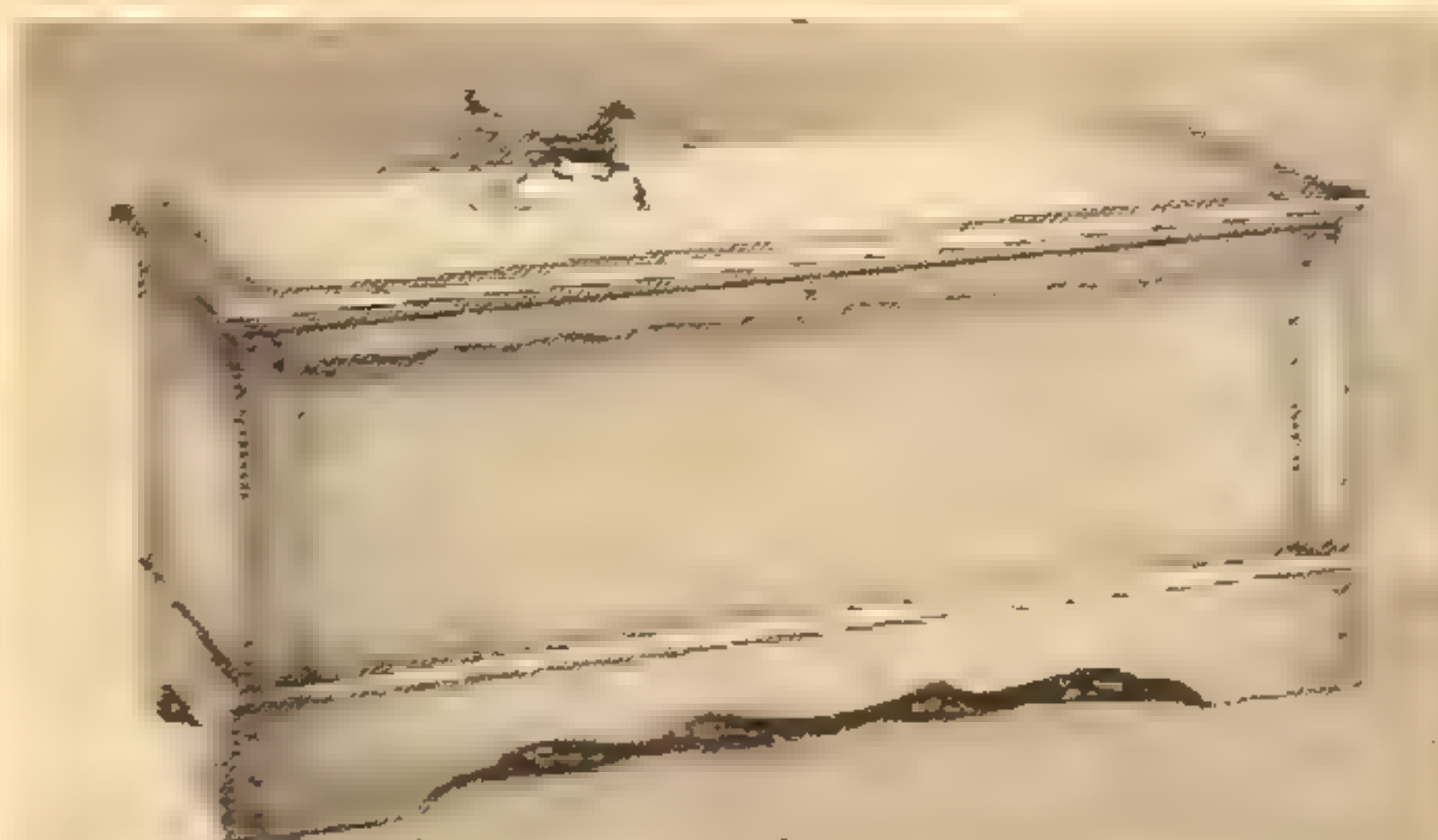
Continental. Modern Lowboy in Blond Oak. Base drawer, brass pulls and ferrules on tapered legs. Also Cordovan, Seafoam, Pearl Mahogany; Walnut. #6126

LANE Cedar Hope Chests

The gift that starts her future home



Solitaire. Diamond pattern, brass strippings. Self-rising tray. Shown. Softone Walnut; also Oaktone. #7161



Virginian. Hand-rubbed satin-finished Maple, solid Maple trim. Top opening: self-rising tray. #6241

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc. In a Lane—your treasures are safe and private under lock and key—fully protected from moths, dust, dampness. Send for FREE booklet, "There's a Lane Hope Chest For You," helpful guide to hope chest collecting. LANE, Dept. 708-P, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

By the makers of Lane Tables and Lane Bedroom and Dining Room Furniture.



**DID
YOUR
MOTHER
TELL
YOU?**

**...about the need
for regular douching?**

It's astounding in these modern times how many women have to be told, by a friend or doctor, how a douche answers a woman's special needs for complete cleanliness.

Ignorance is no excuse. Baths and showers, perfumes and deodorants are fine—but none of them get at the cause of “embarrassing odor”—and who wants to be guilty of such an offense?

“Lysol” solves this problem. Rapidly, on contact, “Lysol” kills the very bacteria that would cause odor—before it can start. A teaspoonful of “Lysol” brand disinfectant in your douche spreads this desirable action into folds and crevices . . . assures you of complete internal cleanliness.

Try “Lysol”. Enjoy that wonderful “clean-all-over” feeling. For the sure knowledge that you are at your sweetest and freshest, use new, mild-formula “Lysol” regularly in your douche. . . . Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to “Lysol”, Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-575.



**Look for
New Bottle**

Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product • Also available in Canada

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR DRAMA

12 Angry Men
Fear Strikes Out
The Spirit Of St. Louis

FOR SUSPENSE

The Strange One
The Guns Of Fort Petticoat

FOR LAUGHS

Ten Thousand Bedrooms
Oh, Men! Oh, Women!

FOR SHIVERS

The Man Who Turned To Stone
The Incredible Shrinking Man



Henry Fonda tries to make Lee J. Cobb see the evidence in the case, attempting to break through Cobb's emotional antagonism toward the defendant. But Cobb remains one of the 12 Angry Men.

12 ANGRY MEN

jury room drama

■ This is a brilliant movie, and it all takes place in a jury room without any scenery at all—which may come as a blow to the magnificent spectacle school of moviemakers. The story's about an eighteen-year-old boy on trial for his life. If guilty, he will be electrocuted. As the twelve men, the jurors, file into the jury room to make their decision after hearing the evidence, it's obvious that they've made up their minds. They've decided that the kid was tough and that there was no doubt he knifed and murdered his father. The foreman asks for a show of hands and eleven men vote guilty. They're all annoyed when Henry Fonda says he wants to talk about the case. After all, a boy's life is at stake. Surely, he deserves a little discussion. Fonda seems to be talking to the air, pleading for a boy who'd been brutalized since childhood, but the jurors agree to review the case and Lee J. Cobb conclusively marshals the facts. But Fonda's quiet self-assurance, his refusal to be bullied, his conviction that there is reasonable doubt rouses the others from lethargy and indifference. Bit by bit doubt is thrown on the supposed eye-witness testimony, the prosecution's case, the weak defense by the boy's own lawyer. One by one the jurors reverse their verdicts. In doing so, each man exposes himself. Cobb exposes his sadism and the gnawing bitterness he feels because of his own son. Ed Begley repels the others with his terrible bigotry. A young advertising executive (Robert Weber) is faced with his own indecision. A stockbroker (E. G. Marshall) is hemmed in by his narrow view of life. The movie is a stirring drama of twelve lives, even though the action never moves away from the jury table and the dialogue never moves from discussion of the case. Don't miss *12 Angry Men*. It is a fine study, not only of the jury system of our country, but of the men who are entrusted to deliver justice. Among the fine cast are Martin Balsam, John Fiedler, Jack Klugman, Edward Binns, Joseph Sweeney. Directed by Sidney Lumet.—U.A.

OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!

joke's on the psychoanalyst

■ If it weren't for women, men wouldn't have any problems. That's elementary. Of course, psychoanalyst David Niven doesn't have any problems to speak of. He just sits in a comfortable chair handing out Kleenex to his distraught clientele. After all, he's in love with a girl (Barbara Rush) that any man would be in love with. The trouble is, a couple of other men are too. When Niven finds out that one of them is his new patient (Tony Randall) and the other is the husband (Dan Dailey) of his long-lying patient (Ginger Rogers), he nearly collapses on his own couch. What he can't understand is why Barbara never told him and Barbara tells him it's because he never asked her. Now that he asks her, she won't tell him, and it's a toss-up whether he's going to lose Barbara or his mind. It's a lot of fun—Cinemascope, 20TH-Fox.

FEAR STRIKES OUT

Anthony Perkins in the big league

■ Every baseball fan has heard of Jim Piersall of the Red Sox; they know about the breakdown that sent him to a mental hospital, and of his return to big league ball in 1953. This is his story. It's excellent drama, a beautiful study of the relationship between a father and son—the dreams of all parents, and the tragedy that results from some of those dreams. From the day Jim (Anthony Perkins) was born his father (Karl Malden) was determined to make him a big league ballplayer. Anything else meant defeat. Jim was an only child, his mother (Perry Wilson) was often ill, his father didn't make much money. It was the dream that gave their lives meaning, and that drove Jim right out of childhood while he was still a child. Nothing mattered but baseball. And even though Jim was good—he won the State Championship for his high school team—he was never quite good enough for Dad. The night Jim sprains an ankle—which (Continued on page 26)

"Like-New" Softness, Fluffiness for All Wash-Hardened Clothes, Towels, Linens



The softest, fluffiest towels ever to touch your skin! That's what you'll say after you rinse them just once in amazing new STA-PUF. Every wash-hardened fabric... every matted fiber springs to new life from STA-PUF's magical action. So wave good-bye to scratchy, "boardy" towels. Be ready for a whole new sensation in luxurious softness and deep, fluffy body in *all* your clothes and linens.



Makes even inexpensive muslins feel like percales! You'll be astonished at the rich, soft feel that bed linens get from their first STA-PUF rinse. And ironing, too, becomes a breeze. (You'll find that much of your flatwork needs no ironing at all!) And wait till you see your blankets—so smooth, so fluffy, so soft!



Wonderful for shirts and dresses. Does away with "sandpaper" collars and cuffs—yet keeps the crisp, starched look you want. Another extra... Sta-Puf fluffs up matted down wools... ordinary sweaters feel like cashmere! You'll be delighted with the downy richness and fleecy texture your favorite wools regain.



Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee! Get STA-PUF at your grocer's today. See how unbelievably soft and fluffy it makes *all* washables, even when dried indoors. STA-PUF is extra-economical... costs only pennies a wash. *Double your money back* if not delighted. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silken colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

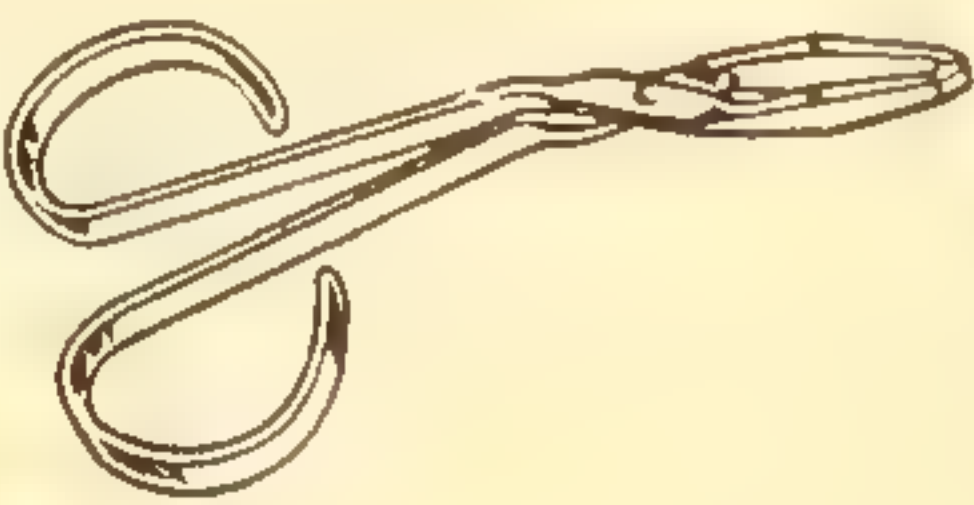
KURLENE®
tube 50c* jar \$1.00*

*plus tax



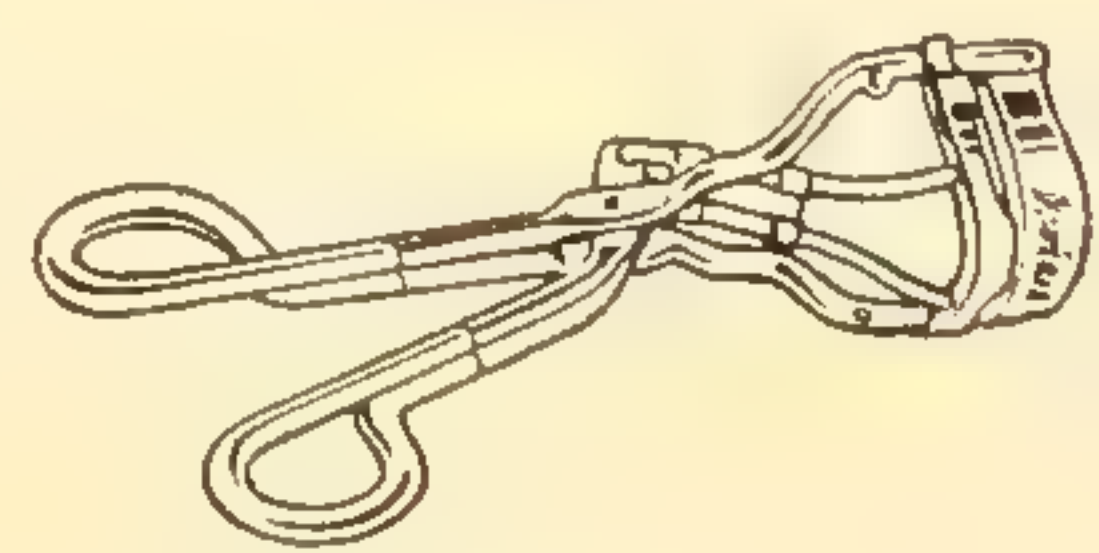
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newcoiff flat-terers eyes and face.)

TWISSORS® 75c



Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes.

KURLASH® \$1.00



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The **Kurlash**®

Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)

movie previews (Continued from page 24)

might keep him from playing for Red Sox scouts—his father reacts with a heart attack. But Jim does manage to play, and is signed up. During spring training in Scranton he falls in love with a nurse (Norma Moore) and marries her. Even though he loves Norma, it's still his father he must answer to, and his father's voice which has become his own—nagging him on, expecting and dreading failure. A young lifetime of straining to the breaking point finally does break Jim, and he goes berserk during a game. A psychiatrist (Adam Williams) gradually brings him back to the real world and helps him build a life of his own and helps him mature enough to lead that life.—VistaVision, Para.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS Lindbergh flies

It's been thirty years since Charles A. Lindbergh thrilled the world by flying non-stop from New York to Paris. That solo flight, made in a plane that looks like a toy to us now, ushered in an amazing new age—the air age. Here is the story of that flight, and the story of Lindbergh's tremendous daring, courage and perseverance. Flash-backs trace his career from the day he traded in a motorcycle as part-payment for a plane he couldn't fly, through his days of barnstorming around the country, selling rides at five dollars per head, working in a flying circus, delivering air mail. Other pilots failed to cross the Atlantic Ocean. They were still trying, and failing, when Lindbergh got financial backing from a group of businessmen to build his plane, *The Spirit of St. Louis*. On a wet, foggy morning in 1927, Lindbergh, already a hero in the eyes of the crowd waiting for him to take off at Roosevelt Field, stepped alone into his plane. The camera follows to record his solitary thoughts, hopes and fears and his triumphant landing 33 hours and 30 minutes later at Le Bourget Field in Paris—where he was nearly stampeded by an hysterical public. But it was the challenge, not the glory, that motivated Lindbergh. Playing Lindbergh is James Stewart, and he completely captures the spirit of this man who captured the admiration of the whole world thirty years ago.—Cinemascope, Warners.

THE STRANGE ONE exposé of military college

■ All you complacent folk who think that everything's hunky-dory at our military schools are in for a rude awakening. *The Strange One*—to put it mildly—is Jocko DeParis (Ben Gazzara), an upperclassman at Southern Military College. Next to him Jack the Ripper looks like a boy scout. Jocko is a model student by day. But after hours—oh, my! After hours he engineers sadistic little orgies which he attends in shorts and a flowered shirt. For instance, he frightens two freshmen (George Peppard, Arthur Storch) into setting up a poker game in their room to rook ninety dollars from a dumb football player (James Olson). The football player's dumb enough to lose it but Jocko figures that whiskey's quicker, so freshman Storch is ordered to keep the whiskey flowing into the football player—who is known to become a wild man when drunk. But that's just fine, because Jocko loves being a witness to brutality. A boy next door, who happens to be the son of the commanding major (Larry Gates), reports the strange night noises. *You've been hearing things, son*, his father tells him after inspecting the rooms. As soon as the major leaves, the party resumes and the major's son (Geoffrey Horne) dashes into the freshmen's room. Too bad. Because next morning the major's son is discovered nearly dead and reeking of alcohol. You see, after Jocko had him beaten, he had liquor forced into him through a tube. Well, no one rats on Jocko, they're all too scared. But those boys at the military school have a conscience, and they devise an ingenious plan to get justice. The end will really surprise you.—Col.

TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS and Dean Martin

■ You can spend a whole movie telling how a father finally gets one of his daughters married off. This movie goes for broke. I mean, the father in it (Walter Slezak) has four daughters, all of whom are led to the altar by devious routes. Dean Martin arrives in Italy to add a hotel to the chain his father owns. There he meets Eva Bartok. Eva's nice, but an impoverished Count (Paul Henreid) seems to have a lukewarm passion for her. That's enough to discourage Martin. He turns to Eva's kid sister (Maria Alberg) whose passion for him is all consuming, until she realizes that Dewey Martin's passion for her is likewise. Dewey is the pilot of Dean's private plane. But before Maria realizes how consuming everything is, she gets Dean to propose to her. Before Papa will

consent he insists that Maria's three older sisters get married first. Dean runs in a couple of men from New York—that takes care of two girls; commissions Henreid to sculpt a few monuments for the hotel—that takes care of Eva, and throws a big party. That takes care of that. Except that Dean loves Eva. Naturally. So love conquers in all four cases, you'll be glad to hear.—Cinemascope, MGM.

KELLY AND ME puppy love

■ Kelly is a white German Shepherd (dog). 'Me' is Van Johnson, a very corny hooper on his way down. Kelly's cruel owner deserts him and Johnson, who's been glutting Kelly with peanuts, can't shake him loose. When it turns out that Kelly has more talent than Johnson, Kelly becomes part of the act. Meanwhile, out in Hollywood, a producer (Onslow Stevens) also on his way down is looking for star material. He has Martha Hyer, but apparently that isn't enough. He also has a teenage daughter (Piper Laurie) who meets Johnson on a train and tells Dad to star him in a dog picture. Dad does, and Kelly becomes a star. Johnson feels like a dog. Unfortunately, he isn't one. Kelly becomes so famous that his former cruel owner comes back to claim him. By this time, Johnson is furious with jealousy. He tears up Kelly's fan mail and leaves for San Francisco to do a single. Back in Hollywood, Kelly won't work without Van, and suddenly disappears. Believe it or not, he's smelled Johnson four hundred miles away in San Francisco. Talk about man's best friend.—Cinemascope, U-I.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN the atom and you

■ Take a man (Grant Williams) six-foot-two who's been exposed first to atomic fall-out and then to a deadly insecticide, and what have you? You have a shrinking man is what. Not 2½% shrinkage either. I'm telling you, this man *shrinks*. Pretty soon he's only four feet tall and going fast. Quite a shock to the missus (Randy Stuart). What's happening is horrible enough but when he becomes a national freak with busybodies phoning all day and peering in through the windows it's more than he can take. Things look hopeful when doctors claim they've found an anti-toxin and he meets a girl midget. But two weeks later he starts shrinking again. Ever see a man four inches tall? There he is, living in a doll's house, until the cat puts him out. Two inches tall—he's moved into a match box in the cellar and is fighting a spider for food in a duel to the death with a straight pin. Who said two inches? He's fading fast. Pretty soon he'll be invisible, but not dead. How can a man reconcile himself to that? You gotta have faith, that's all. With April Kent.—U-I.

THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE you, too, can live to be two hundred

■ There's this group of scientists, all about two hundred years old. They run a girl's reformatory. Every now and then in the middle of the night a girl starts screaming, and the next day she's dead. It's because Frederick Lebedur has carried her up to the attic and put her in a bathtub. It's a special kind of bath: the girl dies in it and her life force is electrically transferred to one of the scientists, thus prolonging *his* life. It used to be that these scientists could survive for years on the strength of one charge, but in this day and age they're wearing out quicker. When they begin to wear out their faces look like skulls, their skin turns to stone and their hearts beat loud as jungle drums. You'll find Victor Jory, Ann Doran, Paul Cavanagh, Jean Willes and a lot of screaming girls in this one.—Col.

THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT a western full of women

■ Who do you think's in there pitching for the rights of Indians to do their own hunting? Why, Audie Murphy. When Colonel Chivington decides to teach the savages a lesson, Audie deserts the Union Army and races down to Texas to warn everybody that there'll soon be a massacre. Those Texans'd like to massacre *him* for not having joined the Confederate Army. As you know, they were *for* slaves; but Audie was against them—against slavery, that is. So there you are. Of course there aren't many men around; it's Civil War time. There is one cowardly man (Sean McGlory) who took advantage of a southern girl (Jeff Donnell) but danged if he'll marry her. Nobody listens to Audie at first; they listen after a small band of Indians come to town and kill the blacksmith. Then Kathryn Grant, Hope Emerson, Isabel Elsom, her personal maid and a whole bunch of women, 42 altogether, convert the local church into a fort and wait there for the attack. When the Indians come those girls are ready, because Audie's drilled them just like he'd drill a regular army.—Technicolor, Col.

20th Century-Fox proudly presents

Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum

In all its abundant
faith...glowing heart...
surging power...
and divine
inspiration comes a
motion picture in the
magnificent tradition
of "The Robe", "The
Song of Bernadette,"
"Keys of the Kingdom,"
"Come to the Stable"!

"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison"

Sister Angela and marine corporal Allison... alone on a Pacific island... trapped behind enemy lines!

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BUDDY ADLER • EUGENE FRENKE

CINEMASCOPE

DIRECTED BY

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JOHN LEE MAHIN and JOHN HUSTON

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY CHARLES SHAW



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

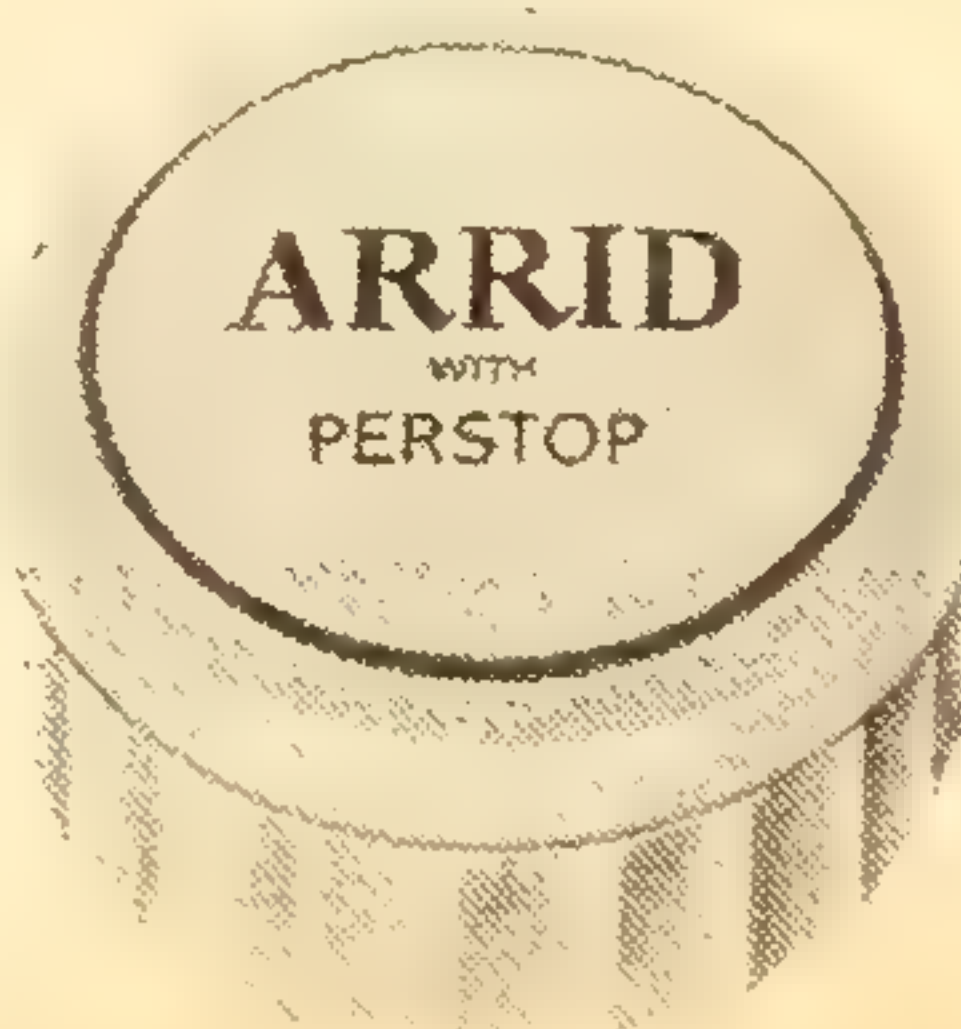
1 Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2 Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3 Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4 Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

LACK OF ACT DEVELOPS NEW ACT FOR RON

■ The story of how the lack of an act developed a whole new act and started carving another career for young movie actor Ron McNeil all started when Ron was asked to appear as guest star at the famed MOULIN ROUGE night club in Hollywood.

McNeil is primarily an actor. What could he do on stage? Fence? Skin dive? Ride a horse? Recite his lines from one of his films?

It was then that the young newcomer to Hollywood decided that this was one movie star who would have something he could do on personal appearances besides just stand there and say "I'm glad to be here."

McNeil went to a famed dance studio and told the head instructor his problem. He worked out a routine with Ron and two lovely young starlets—with most of the actual dance steps falling to the girls. This sounded fine; McNeil went to work.

Six nights later the instructor threw up his hands in a tizzy, and said that McNeil was too manly, and hence too clumsy, for even that.

Hours before the performance, Ron was once again without an act.

Tired and disgruntled, Ron stopped by a friend's home.

The friend had the solution.

Why not get a dance partner, explain to the audience that he was an actor not a night club performer, tell them how he had worked all week and still came up with two left feet, then show them just what he meant, clowning it up, working at being clumsy and getting some laughs with it.

"Terrific idea," Ron exclaimed. . . .

P.S. The show went over with a great big bang and McNeil's routine drew so many laughs that a producer in the audience offered him time on a national television show to do the same act. Ron couldn't take the tv offer, as he had to start work on *Fear Strikes Out* with Tony Perkins the next week.

But he does have an act ready now!





DEBRA'S BEAUTY TIPS

■ "The main thing," says Debra Paget, "is to bear in mind that glamour isn't just a question of physical attractiveness. Beauty is within yourself; no amount of powder or paint can ever substitute for *personality*. How many women, forever experimenting with new cosmetics, pay no attention to their speech and their carriage? A girl who slouches or walks slumped over, who screeches or mumbles when she talks—even if she is physically beautiful—do you think she'll have a chance against the girl who is poised and charming?"

Debra says, "You know the answer!"

As for beauty secrets, Debra's are few and easy: cleanliness, simplicity, and color sense are the keys to perfect grooming. This applies to the care of her hair, nails, make-up and clothes.

"For example, before applying make-up," Debra says, "it's worthwhile to devote some time to your eyes. Many girls forget this. Naturally, an actress who spends hours in front of the Klieg lights has to know what to do about tired, lifeless eyes. But so should a secretary, a housewife, or even a teenager. Placing cotton pads soaked in witch hazel over the lids does wonders! In a few minutes, your eyes will sparkle and you'll feel better."

Debra also has some advice for women who slavishly follow the so-called dictates of fashion: don't! "Be yourself. What may be becoming to someone else may look hideous on you. Take a tall girl. Could she carry off an Italian Boy cut? And how would a very long pony tail look on a shorty? Never mind what others may say; you be the judge!"

And just to prove she knows what she's campaigning about, she's one of the best-groomed stars in Hollywood, and she's also the actress who spends the least time in beauty salons!

An individualist, Debra washes and sets her own hair, gives herself her own facials, and even does her own nails. "No matter how good the beautician, there are always some details a woman should take care of herself. You know better than anybody else how to dress and what make-up to use."

Debra can currently be seen in Paramount's *The Ten Commandments* and 20th's *The River's Edge*. Watch for her soon in Paramount's *Omar Khayyam*.



Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?



WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

You'll love
ANN BLYTH
in "THE BUSTER KEATON STORY"
A Paramount Picture.
In VistaVision.



ANN BLYTH LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries - it beautifies
thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair
more manageable!



NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF
4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



YVONNE DeCARLO'S CLOSE CALL

● "If a place is dangerous, I'll go."

So spoke Yvonne DeCarlo, one of Hollywood's most widely traveled movie stars. And it wasn't a line from one of her pictures, either. Yvonne's wanderlust has taken her to all those places she dreamed about as a child. Iran, Spain, Scandinavia and Israel are some of the faraway countries this exotic actress has visited between pictures.

But her most hair-raising adventure occurred several years ago.

On a European trip with a cousin, Yvonne went to Rome to get passports for Austria. They started on their journey in the MG Yvonne was driving, and figured on reaching their destination by the following morning. After many hours of driving, they came upon a soldier in a green uniform, a rifle slung across one shoulder. He was fast asleep. They kept right on driving, without disturbing him, and soon found themselves in the American Zone of Austria.

After their long ride, the girls couldn't find a place to stay. In desperation, Yvonne asked to see the commanding general. He got them a room for the night. The next day, when she went to deliver a 'thank-you' to him, she casually mentioned to the general, "I thought we'd have to pass through the Russian Zone to get here."

When he assured Yvonne that she was correct, she looked dumbfounded.

The general nodded when she asked, "Do Russians wear green uniforms?"

"Then we must have passed through the Russian Zone without knowing it!" Yvonne described the incident of the sleeping soldier, and asked, "Isn't there any barrier at Semmering?"

"Certainly! That soldier you saw must have been sleeping on it. And it's the toughest barrier to pass."

"Should I have stopped?" asked Yvonne, wide-eyed.

The general said, "If that soldier had awakened and saw you attempting to get by without inspection . . . he wouldn't have hesitated to riddle you with bullets!"

Yvonne's in Paramount's *The Ten Commandments*. Watch for her also in Warners' *Band of Angels*.

Modern Screen's two-scoop special

We take you
to Grace Kelly's
nursery

page 32



We join
Debbie and Eddie
at Liz Taylor's
wedding party

page 34





Modern Screen, the only movie magazine allowed to photograph Grace Kelly, Prince Rainier and their baby in the royal nursery, presents the . . .

EXCLUSIVE FIRST PICTURES OF

Princess Caroline





Her Serene Highness, Princess Caroline . . . fairy-tale princess to a fairy-tale land, her mother a queen in the world of make-believe, and her father a handsome prince charming who rules a kingdom by the sea. As yet, the little Princess doesn't see much beyond the cradling arms of her mother—the once-upon-a-time Grace Kelly—or the tweed jacket of the handsome, mustached Prince Rainier.



But one day she'll know all the nooks and crannies and secret hiding places of the nursery, with its delicate yellow walls and white lacquered wicker furniture and an animal-fantasy mural by French painter Barberousse. And she'll adventure up and down the double-staircase that goes right from her play-room down to the Palace's private gardens. But long before she's nearly old enough to read the thousands of letters she got on the day of her birth—if she wants to—she'll be almost big enough to handle the giant teddy bear presented to the Princess by the officers and men of the American submarine Half Beak.



"Debbie Reynolds gets a kiss from Liz' bridegroom. If Debbie's eyes look a little big, it's because Mike has just whispered that his wedding gift to Liz is a \$90,000 bracelet!"



"Eddie Fisher's gone native, and Liz thinks he looks cute as a . . . as a . . . well, cute. By the time Liz finished saying hello to Eddie, his Debbie was already lapping up the caviar."

Modern Screen goes along with Debbie & Eddie to **LIZ TAYLOR'S WEDDING PARTY**

"Liz paused for a sip of champagne between answers to the questions I shot at her. But I didn't have time for sipping!"



Dear David,

Here's the story you wanted—Liz and Mike's wedding party. Incidentally, I almost didn't make it. Except for Eddie Fisher's pants, I wouldn't have. I had to borrow a pair from him at the last minute—'cause my own tropicals got lost in the shuffle. It was real mad! To get back to the wedding party, you can believe me when I tell you that it was just about the poshest party that's ever been thrown.

Mike flew in 15,000 white gladiolas from Mexico City to carpet the lawn of the Acapulco estate where the wedding and shindig were held. Twenty-two cases of champagne were iced and waiting and there was a buffet supper of giant crabs and baby lobsters, baked oysters, caviar, smoked turkey—and all the Mexican dishes that anybody could possibly want.

The ceremony was performed by the Mayor of Acapulco, Mario Lopetegui. But enough of all this; one picture's worth reams and reams of my letterwriting—and here are fourteen of just about the greatest pictures ever snapped, in addition to my captions—telling all.

Look 'em over, boy. Feel like you were there, too?

Eric Lee
MODERN SCREEN'S
MEXICAN CORRESPONDENT



"When I met Liz' family, her mom, sister-in-law, brother and dad, Liz' dad told me that Mike's the kind of guy she needs. 'Somebody who can lay down the law to her' were his words. Mrs. Taylor agreed!"

"Liz, looking radiant but still not completely recovered from her recent spinal operation, is helped to a camp-chair by Mike. Then the skies over Acapulco were filled with fireworks. Many guests attended this party, but only Liz' family, Debbie and Eddie, Mike Todd, Jr., Cantinflas and their host Enrique Parra Hernandez were present at the ceremony."



MORE



LIZ WAS RADIANT AND MIKE WAS VERY HAPPY

Continued

"Just after the wedding cake was cut, Mike kissed Liz and turning to Eddie, said, 'See, Liz finally made it! Trying to hook me for so long and now she's really done it. I'll bet she's the happiest girl in the world tonight.' Mike was joking but Liz wasn't when she answered 'You're right Mike, I am.'

ME: 'When did you two fall in love, anyway?'

LIZ: 'I guess I've always loved Mike. Always. Ever since I was a little girl.'

ME: 'But Liz, you did marry Michael Wilding . . .'

LIZ: 'I know, and I thought that I loved him then. I really did. But the truth is that I loved Mike.'

ME: 'Even though you were married to Michael?'

LIZ: 'Yes. Of course, I didn't know it then. But I know it now.'

"Those words were enough for Mike. He put his arm around his beautiful wife, whispered a few words to her, and then kissed her."



"Tragedy struck while Liz and I were talking: the air conditioning unit broke down. So the party continued outside. Two orchestras were kept busy. One played Mexican music; the other Hungarian gypsy music. Then Léon Escobar's troupe of native dancers performed on the patio in the torchlight. When they finished, the party resumed indoors. Eddie Fisher sang several songs, everyone danced and ate. It was around 10:30 when Liz began feeling ill. I guess it was the heat, the crowds, the endless toasts even though Liz only sipped at her champagne, and the effects of her recent operation. When her dad suggested she retire, she gave out with a strong 'no': said she wanted to stay with Mike on this, the most important night of her life."



Photos by E. Borde Mangel



"The last to leave, Liz was helped to Mike's white Thunderbird by her new husband. Just as they were about to drive off, I got in one last question: 'Liz,' I shouted, 'What are you going to name the kids?' 'Samuel if it's a boy and Virginia if it's a girl!' she shouted back. And off they drove into the night."

Liz is in Warners' *Giant*. Watch for her soon in MGM's *Raintree County*.

INGRID BERGMAN:

"I am not"



■ And Christ said, "Woman, where are thy accusers? hath no man condemned thee?"

She said, "No man, my Lord."

And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Ingrid Bergman put it differently. "All right," she said. "I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman and it's not the last. Anyone can make a mistake. And if the two people love each other and marry, and if they have a happy family, isn't that what counts? It's how they act *after* the mistake that should be judged."

In the past seven years she has fought a hard fight back to happiness.

She had lost her little daughter Pia, hearing Pia say in court for all the world to hear, "I don't love my mother. I like her, but I don't love her . . ."

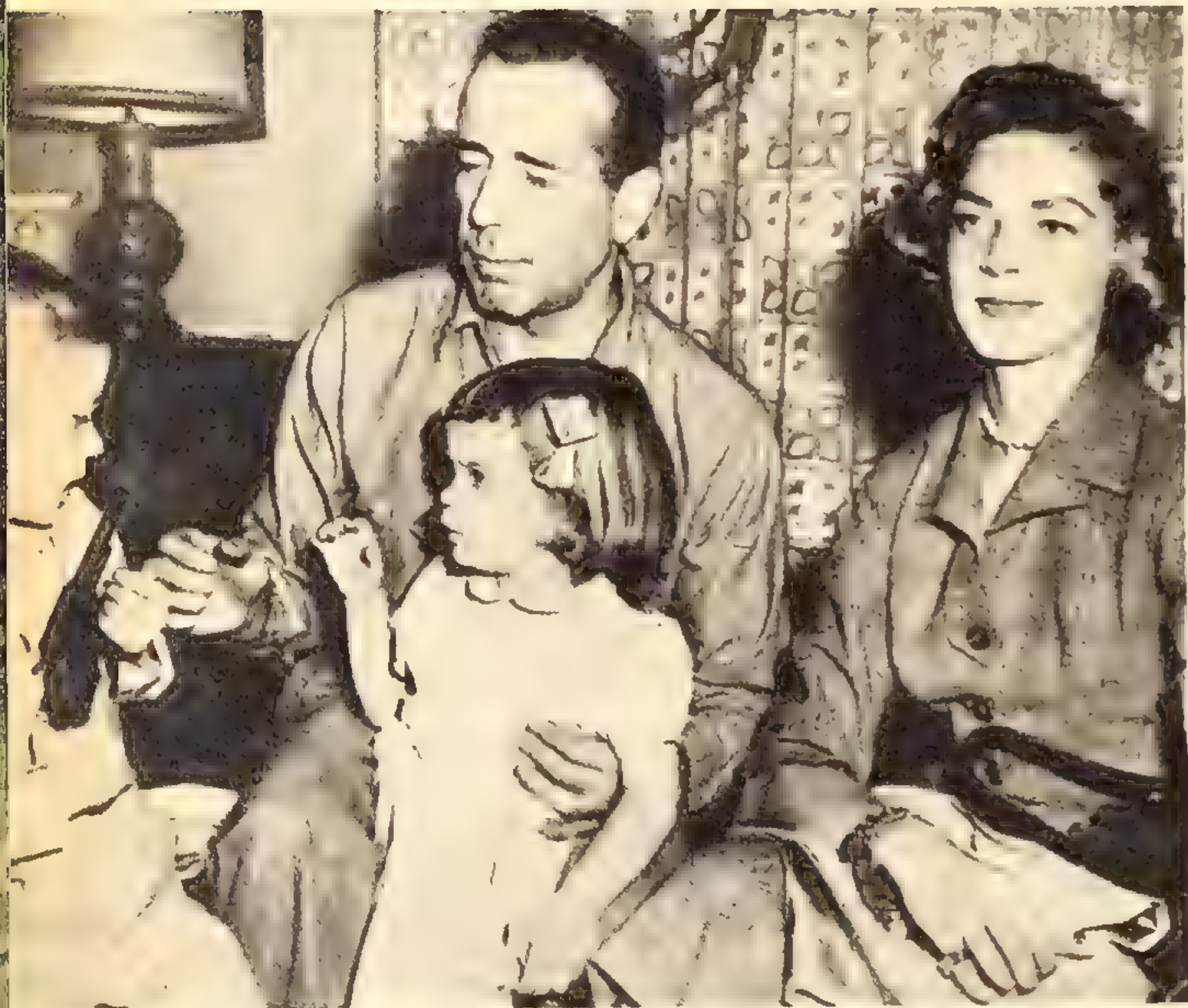
She had lost her adopted country, America, on whose shores she had spent ten years. And women wrote her that she was no longer fit to be called a mother, theatres ripped her name down from marquees, fan clubs disbanded—and on the floor of the United States Senate it was read into the Congressional Record, for history to copy, that "Out of the ashes of Ingrid Bergman, perhaps a better Hollywood will arise!"

She had lost her career, for who would hire an actress, however great, whose name had suddenly become a word for (Continued on page 89)

ashamad"



WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT ONE OF LOUELLA PARSONS' GREATEST STORIES— BOGEY



This informal at-home snapshot of Humphrey Bogart, his wife Lauren Bacall, and their two children Stephen and Leslie, was taken less than a year before Bogey lapsed into a final coma and died at 2:15 in the morning of January 14.

■ The last words he spoke were to his adored Betty. "Good-by, kid."

The last friends he entertained at the tragic and courageous cocktail 'court' in his home were Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

The last role he played was his greatest—that of a man whose body was ravished by cancer but who went down fighting with every ounce of the 110 pounds left to him.

It is an ironic footnote to his love for acting that no mortal dramatist could ever have written for Bogey the gallant, cruel, courageous, agonizing, brave, pitiful, wisecracking, reverent character that Fate wrote for him.

And his playing of it in the last months was so magnificently the measure of the man that even his cherished and carefully cultivated enemies prayed for him.

Let me repeat, no scriptwriter could have conceived for Bogey the role he played in the last thirty days of his life. As John Huston so touchingly told it at the funeral:

"He would lie on his couch upstairs until five o'clock when he would be shaved and groomed in gray flannels and scarlet smoking jacket. Then, no longer able to walk, his emaciated body would be lifted into a wheelchair and pushed to a dumbwaiter on the second floor landing. The top of the dumbwaiter had been removed to give him head room. His nurses would help him into it, and sitting on a little stool he would be lowered down to the kitchen where another transfer would be made. And again by wheelchair he'd be transported through the house into the library and his chair.

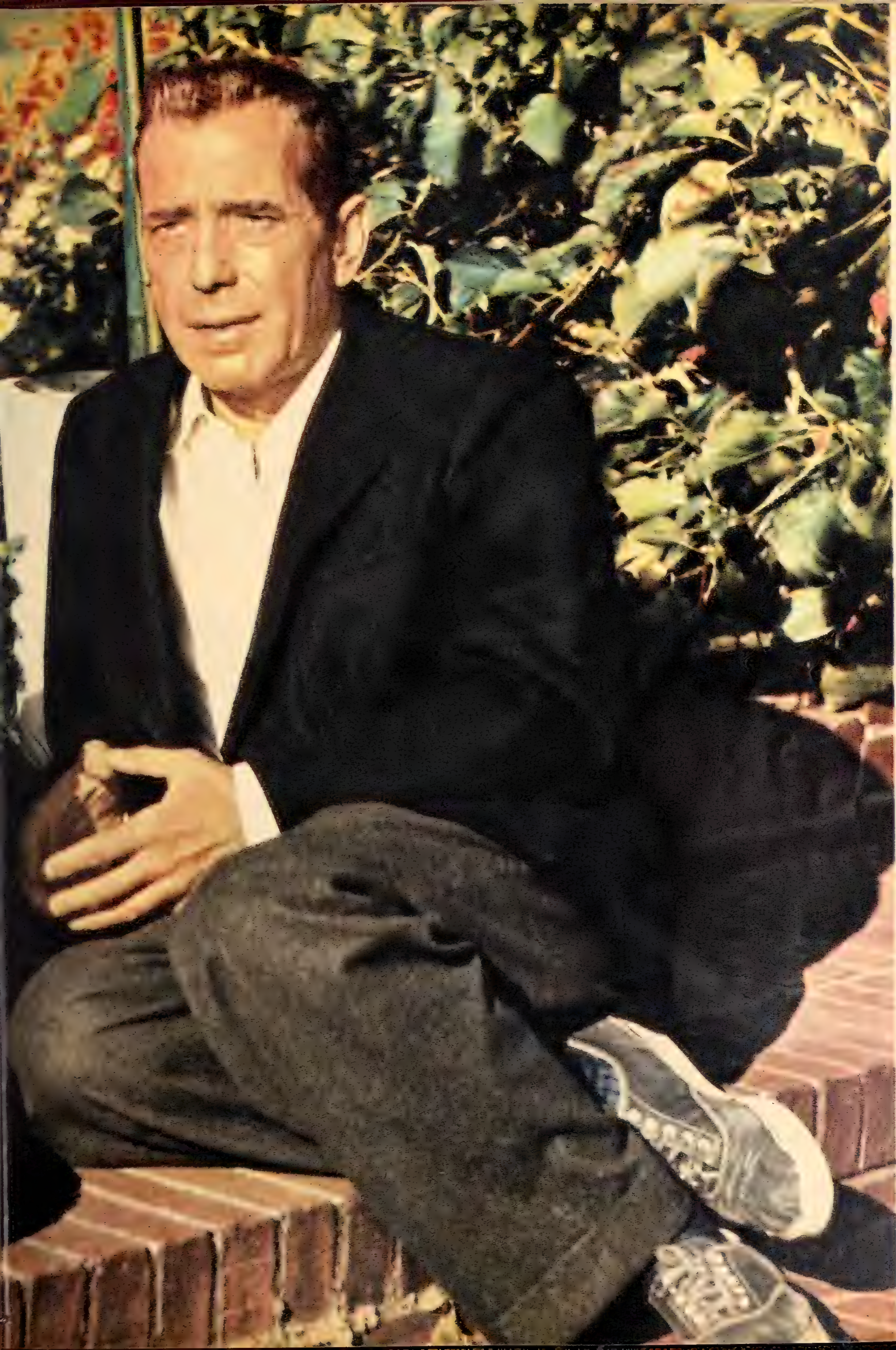
"There he would be at 5:30 when his guests would start to arrive, sherry glass in one hand and cigaret in the other. His friends stayed, two and three at a time, for a half hour or so until eight o'clock. Then it was time for him to go back upstairs by the same means he had descended.

"But his life was full. He had all he could ask for—and more. Let us not grieve for him, but for ourselves that we have lost him."

As a close friend—I have always been flattered that I was one of the columnists Bogey liked, and he said so—I have been privileged to be witness to much of the fullness of his life.

I try not to think too often of the last time I saw him, a week to the day before his death. Although I knew it was not so, I had printed an encouraging item in my column that Bogey was coming along fine and was getting ready to star in *The Good Shepherd* for COLUMBIA.

In a matter of hours I received flowers from him, one of the few times he ever sent me flowers. He didn't go (Continued on page 92)



Bogart's life at a glance continued



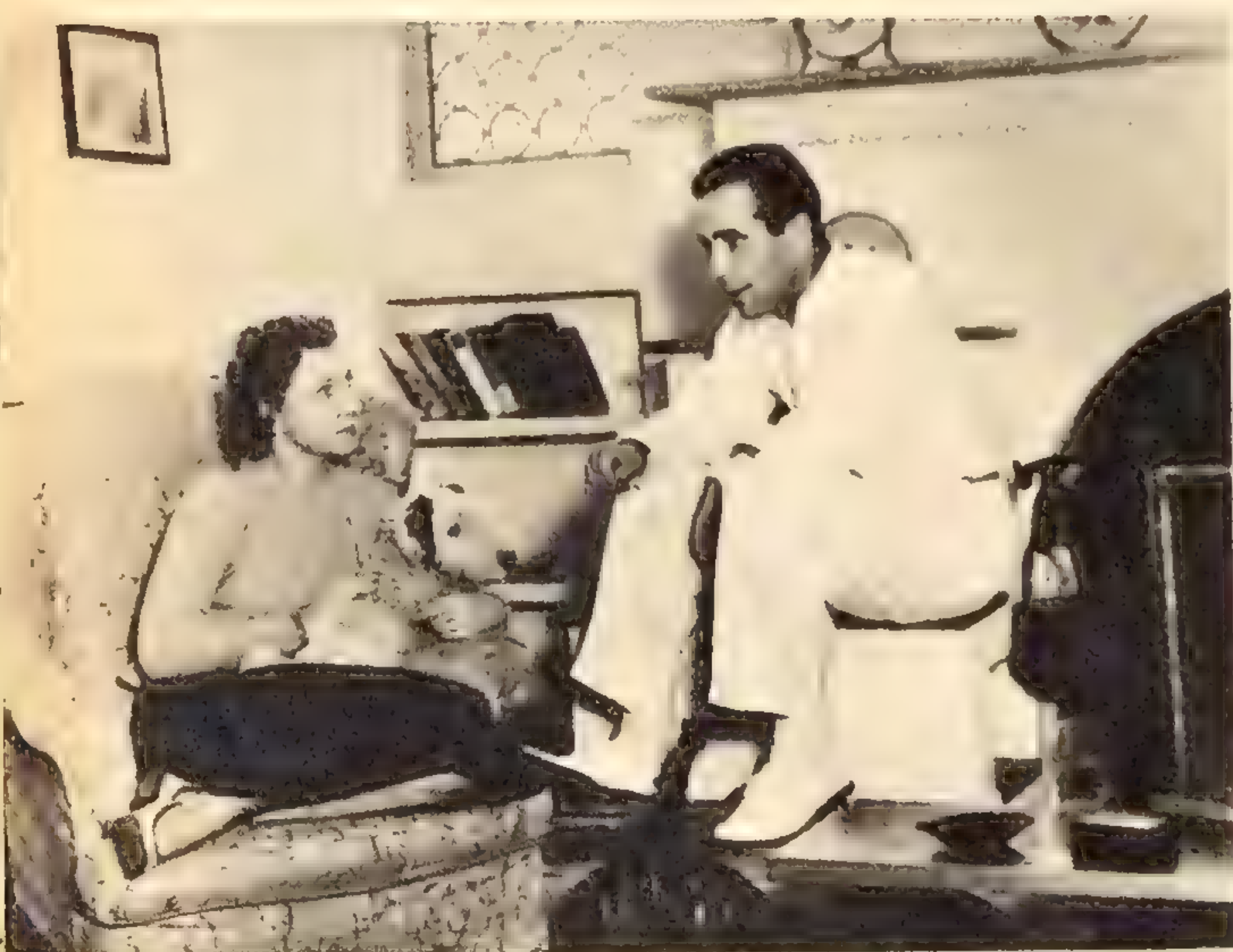
TWO YEARS OLD, and Bogey was already facing cameras. But he wouldn't let go of his teddy bear, not even for a second.



HIS DAD'S CAR and his mother's pup were the props for this picture taken of Bogey when he was in his teens. Son of the socially prominent Dr. Belmont DeForest Bogart, he grew up surrounded by wealth.



BOGEY was very proud of himself in his sea-faring outfit, and loved to pose.



BOGEY AND HIS SECOND WIFE, Mary Phillips, looked happy here, but in 1937 she divorced him because "he regarded married life as monotonous."



THE BATTLING BOGARTS, Bogey and his third wife, Mayo Methot, fought their way across the headlines with many a quarrel flaring up in public.



ON A BEAUTIFULLY SUNNY DAY in May, 1945, Lauren Bacall cut the first piece of her wedding cake while her new husband and author Louis Bromfield watched. They met on a movie set, fell in love while the cameras reeled on, and married for ever.



HIS FIRST BIG SUCCESS had Bogey in the role of an ardent lover. The place was Broadway, the year 1924, and the play was *Meet The Wife*. It ran a solid year.



IN 1935, AN ACTOR shocked the world with his portrayal of a ruthless gangster. It was Bogart's first film, *The Petrified Forest*, and the start of a fantastic career in motion pictures. In this scene he's with Leslie Howard and Bette Davis.



LAUREN BORE Bogey a son and a daughter, and Bogey taught his Betty how to furl a sail. And always, for over a decade, they were friends as well as lovers.



BOGEY, AS HIS family, his friends, his fans knew him just before cancer wasted his body down to weakness and death. But only his body—to the day he died, Bogey remained the strong man he portrayed in *The Harder They Fall*.

can an actress really be a good mother?



Deborah Kerr's story

■ Deborah Kerr was eight when her father died, and a few months later she was placed in a very correct—very cold—boarding school. And Deborah felt as if she'd lost her mother, too. That's when she first knew how lonely a child can be. The loneliness stayed with her, through adolescence and after she had become a woman.

Then one day during the war, while she was on an Armed Service Forces entertainment tour, she walked into a pub in Brussels.

A tall, blond, handsome flyer was sitting there, staring into his drink. She was introduced to him. They shook hands, sat down together, began to talk. His name was Lt. Tony Bartley. He said he'd like to whizz her around the city in his jeep. And she took him up on it.

They fell in love.

Then he was sent to another theatre of operations. Deborah was heartbroken, and lonely again.

Until one night when she received a cable, *Will You Marry Me?* She replied with no trace of coyness, *Yes. Where And When?* The answer was a wedding in London on November 28, 1945.

(Continued on page 64)



Dear Dave,
 Since Modern Screen was the
 first magazine to do a story
 on Elvis, El and I want your
 readers to have the picture I
 drew of him. El calls it
 "the best picture of me I ever
 saw." And I thought you'd
 be interested in the story of
 how El posed for me.

Judy

El's favorite picture

(and the story behind it)

The day I drew El's picture.



by Judy Spreckels

■ I had fun drawing the picture of Elvis which appears on the opposite page. I never expected to get El to sit still long enough for me to get him drawn on paper just the way I wanted him. I didn't want to draw him as a performer, or I would have copied a picture of him on stage. I wanted him to look like he looks to me, at certain times when he is deep in thought, and yet aware of my presence and his surroundings. In other words, the way he *really* is . . . sensitive, handsome, strong and yet with the tender boyish gentleness that really is Elvis.

I never expected to get the break that I did, in drawing this picture. Several evenings while I was eating dinner with El and Gene, and whoever else was around, I always made sure to sit on El's left side, without his particularly noticing it. Then, in my mind, I'd sketch him as I wanted him to look in my picture. I'd study the outline of his head and face while he was thinking about something. Then after dinner, when I went home, I would work on the picture, a little bit at a time. After I had what I thought was a satisfactory beginning, I knew I'd have to have El sit for me to finish it—if I wanted it to be perfect. I also knew that getting El to sit still for any length of time was going to be a job. As a matter of fact, I thought it would be impossible. Fortunately, luck was with me.

One Saturday, I asked (Continued on page 68)



Deluxe version, suitable for framing, can be ordered from ELVIS PRESLEY FAN CLUB, Box 94, Hollywood, California. Price 50c.



MARILYN'S
dream is coming true...

MARILYN'S
happiness is complete...

MARILYN'S
prayer is being answered...

MARILYN'S
going to have a baby!

■ The receptionist in the obstetrician's office was all excited. Marilyn Monroe, looking very intense, had come in a little while earlier with her tall, serious-faced husband, Arthur Miller; and intense-looking wives didn't usually come here with their serious-faced husbands unless they thought that maybe they were going to have a baby.

For the next half hour or so, the receptionist kept taking calls and telling people to *have a seat, please; the doctor's busy right now, very busy*. While her eyes stayed glued to the door through which Marilyn and her playwright-husband would soon come out, she knew the news would be good news and could see it now—the big smile on Marilyn's face, the grin on Mr. Miller's face, the way Marilyn would come over to her and excitedly say, "I have an appointment with the doctor two weeks from today. . . . Would you please be sure to put that down in your book?"

The receptionist was very surprised when the door finally did open. She saw Mr. Miller first. He wasn't grinning. Not that he looked sad, or anything—but he sure wasn't grinning. And the receptionist saw why when Marilyn came out. Marilyn was crying. You could see the tears streaming down her cheeks and you could see that her lips were trembling, trembling hard. Mr. Miller put his arm around Marilyn's waist and whispered something to her as they walked out of the office.

A few minutes later, a nurse walked out of the doctor's office. The receptionist called her over. "No baby, huh?" she whispered.

The nurse nodded. "Sure she's going to have a baby."

The receptionist looked stunned. "But she was *crying*!"

"I guess some people," said the nurse smiling, "really do cry when they're happy. And I don't think I've ever seen happier tears in my whole life."

The nurse was right. Marilyn couldn't have been happier than when the New York obstetrician told her she was pregnant. And according (*Continued on page 66*)

"I WAS WILD AND



■ My name is Nick Adams. I'm an actor. A few days ago I finished working in a movie called *No Time For Sergeants*. For one scene I had to show great surprise. For me it was the easiest bit of acting in the movie. Because underneath the make-up I was surprised—that I was in the movie at all!

Because ten years ago in Jersey City I was running like mad down the long street to nowhere.

My name was Nicholas Adamschock then. I was fifteen. And I loved every minute of it.

I had a mother and a father and an older brother Andrew. They worried about me. I gave them lots of reasons.

I stayed out too late. I was loud; I hung around pool rooms. I belonged to a gang. We hitched rides on the backs of busses, trucks, anything that moved in the streets. We chased girls, threw snowballs at strangers, sneaked into movies, started fights. We laughed and *yah-yahed* a hotdog-stand owner after we had showered him with ripe tomatoes and old eggs.

We tormented store-keepers, ped-

dlers, and passersby. Anyone we could find who was minding his own business was our victim.

One day a man whose hat we had knocked off called us *juvenile delinquents*. We had been called everything, but that was a new one. The next day in school we looked it up in the dictionary. It meant, *guilty of misdeed or offenses; a person who fails or neglects his duties or obligations*. We were astounded at how well the word fit us. When our astonishment wore off, we (Continued on page 86)

WEAK"

*Here's Nick Adams' own inspiring
story of how he was saved from a
life of crime*

as told to Lou Larkin



CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

140 BROADWAY
MU 3-3518

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1201

The time shown on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

1957 FEB 19 4 PM 2 44

X001 PD=VD NEW YORK NY 19 228PME=

MISS SUSAN HAYWARD,

SHERMAN OAKS CALIFORNIA=

DEAR SUSAN AND FLOYD. CONGRATS. YOU FOOLED US.
MARRIAGE SURPRISE OF YEAR. SEND WEDDING PICTURE. GLAD
YOU FOUND THE RAINBOW. GIVE OUR BEST TO EVERYONE
LETTER FOLLOWS. LOVE=

THE GANG AT MODERN SCREEN=

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



Thanks for the picture, Susan— here's the letter we promised you...

Dear Susan,

Like the rest of the world, it was news to us—your marriage to Floyd Chalkley. And for once, we didn't mind not knowing the inside dope on a Hollywood romance. I'll tell you why a little later on.

We admit it . . . the first we knew about you and Floyd was when the Saturday papers flashed a picture of the two of you—a wedding picture. No items before that about the guy you met, started dating, fell in love with. Nothing in the gossip columns, nothing whispered along the Hollywood grapevine.

How you managed that, I'll never know. But that you *did* do it—well, I guess I kind of feel like tossing my hat off to you for knowing that this was one thing in your life that you *couldn't* have any publicity about. Because you've had too much of that. And all it's brought you is the kind of misery that made life seem not worth living at all.

And you even tried to do that—stop living. It would be hard to believe—if I hadn't seen the pictures myself, the pictures of a policeman carrying your unconscious body to an ambulance to be rushed to the emergency ward—and the headlines ACTRESS ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

And everyone wondered why . . . why . . .

Because you're one of the five most successful actresses in Hollywood. When you cash your salary check, the teller hands you \$5,000—every week. The *Cannes Film Festival* voted you the best actress of the year. You're famous on four continents, and have been presented to Kings.

Why did you want so desperately to die? Maybe because night after night, you sat alone in a beautifully decorated house that was empty. And the long lonely evenings blended into each other while you sat and waited for the phone to ring, for someone to call and ask if you wanted company or felt like a drive or could drop over for a few games of gin.

You must have stood in front of your mirror many times and tried to figure out how come *some* man—you knew enough of them—didn't want to spend an evening with you. Or some friend care enough about you to call just to ask how you were.

You must have known the answer. Too many headlines about you, Susan, and too many people who are afraid of getting mixed up in the scandals that blasted your name across the country.

No, it really didn't seem quite fair that you should have to pay such a high price for your mistakes.

Like that glass-breaking, name-calling, hairbrush-throwing battle with Jill Jarmyn over actor Don Barry when Jill came to Don's home for breakfast—and found you there, wearing Don's pajamas.

When the newspapers hit the stand, one prop man threw the paper on the floor and raged, "Why did it have to happen to Susan? Poor kid. Some of these actresses feel they've got to make every leading man fall in love with them—and there are some I could name who've split up half a dozen marriages. But Susan's not like that. When she started working on *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, she didn't even look at Barry at first; he was just another actor. He was the one who courted her. He found out her favorite brand of cigarettes. After that he'd wrap a pack in gold paper and tie it with a ribbon and present it to her every morning. Then he started bringing her a single rose each day. And other little gifts. And Susan was lonely. How was she supposed to know he had a girl friend?"

And before that, the messy ending to your ten-year marriage to Jess Barker. (Continued on page 78)

TAB

levels

with us

about

LOVE

Two months ago we ran a story about Tab Hunter and his co-star Etchika Choureau, telling all he learned about love from this exciting French girl. Since then you've flooded our office with phone-calls and letters asking us if he's serious about her... asking if it's true that he's planning to fly to France just to be by her side. So we cornered Tab and asked him the key questions.

Tab, you've been broody without Etchika... Are you in love with her?

When you do fall in love, what one thing will make you want to marry her?

How gorgeous does a girl have to be to make you fall?

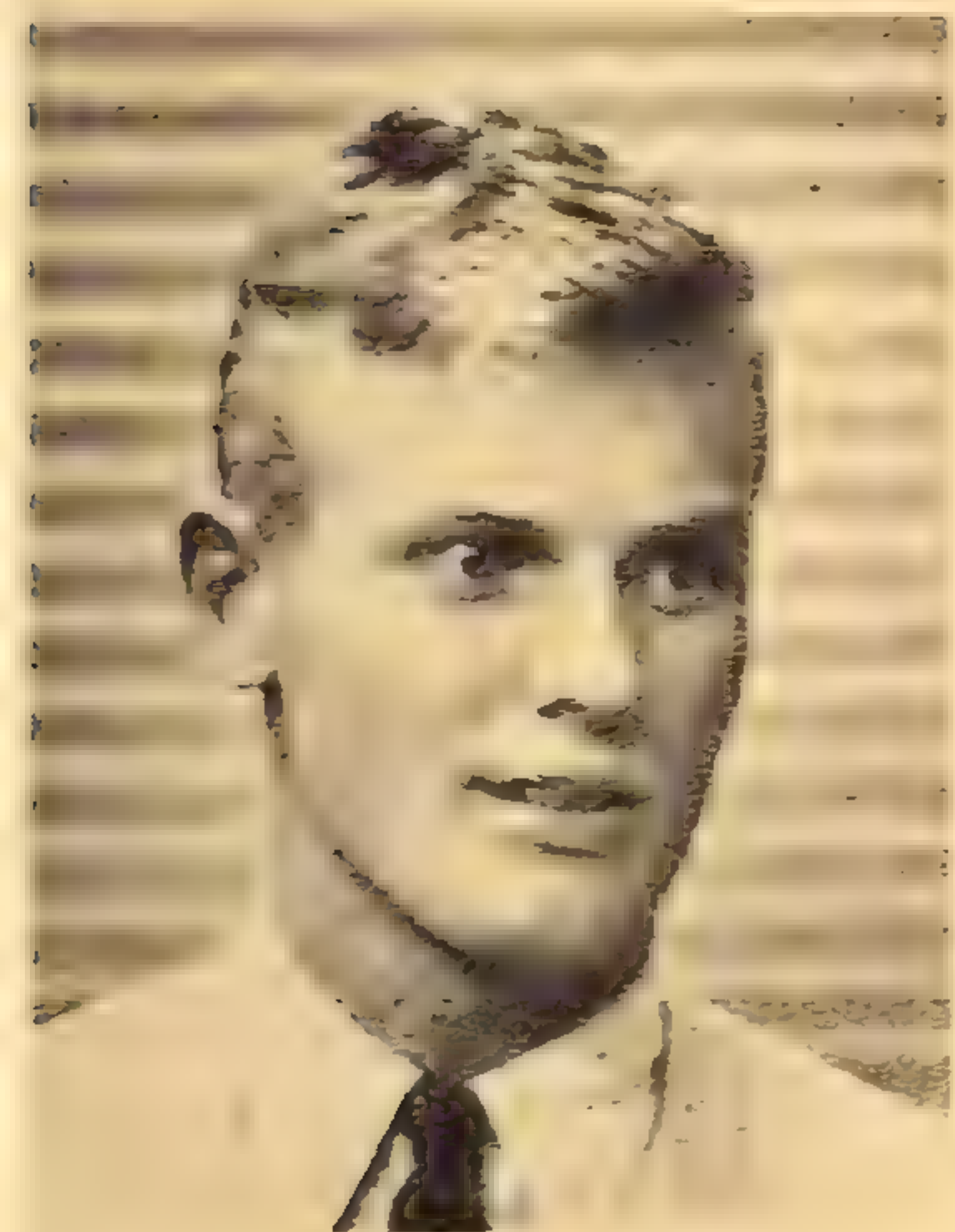
Do you want to marry an actress?

How about kids?
Want a big family?

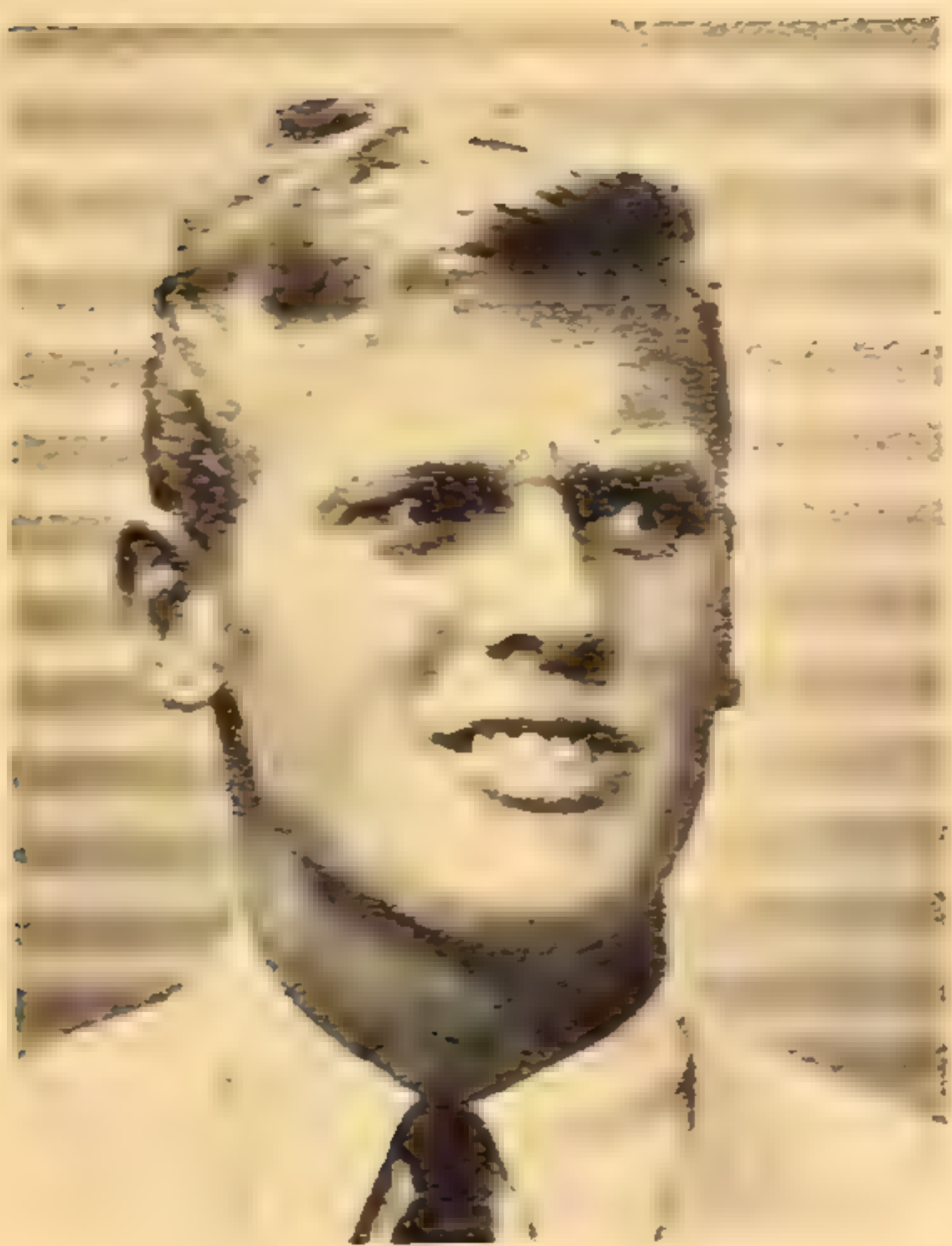
If I were really in love,
I'd go to France to see her.
Right away.



Heart, lots of heart. I'll expect her
to cry when she's unhappy, laugh in
joy... and have moments of serious thought too.



She can have flat feet, be cross-eyed
and fat-- if she's got that special inner quality
she'll be beautiful!



not if I can help it. I'd prefer
a wife who didn't have shooting
schedules to keep us apart.

Two's the minimum, and there just
isn't any maximum to how many
little feet can patter around the patio.





Diana Dors and her husband

HOW WE SAVED OUR BROKEN MARRIAGE

■ *The whole thing was my fault.*

I wouldn't let Diana be a woman.

That's what the man said. Dennis Hamilton, businessman and super-colossal promoter of that super-colossal property Diana Dors, otherwise known as Mrs. Dennis Hamilton.

I never dreamt that just when Di had reached the very top that we would have any personal troubles. But it was entirely my fault. We had both planned for so very long not to give up until we had made a fortune that I forgot that Diana is also a woman.

I drove her to bigger and better successes, and more and more money. The real reason for our break-up—and it definitely reached that stage—was that Di wanted what every woman wants. A child. And in my selfishness I kept telling her that kids could wait. And then I'd drive her even harder. Even after she lost the baby she had wanted so much, and I had not wanted—not then, not yet.

It's just that . . . we'd planned for so very long . . .

For Diana the dream was even older than for Dennis.

When Diana Dors was nine years old she decided she'd be an actress because she wanted a big estate and a big swimming pool. When she was fifteen she got herself a movie contract. At eighteen she had her first lead. But when she hit nineteen, a general film industry crisis hit Diana and her contract was dropped.

That's when fate took a hand in young Miss Dors' life, and introduced her to jovial, part-time actor and part-time salesman Dennis Hamilton.

One evening, it wasn't more than a couple of weeks later, Diana and Dennis were walking hand in hand down a midnight darkened street. Dennis stopped; his arms reached for Diana, and against the perfume of her hair he whispered, "Di, I love you. You must know that. I want to marry you, but I can't. But I want you to (Continued on page 76)





Introducing

REBEL FROM DODGE CITY

*The first Complete
story of Dennis Hopper*

by JANE WILKIE

■ Fifteen years ago this summer, the body of a famous movie cowboy was transported from California to the East, and as the train sped across the shimmering Kansas plains, the actor received a final, unknown tribute from a very small boy. Standing in his grandfather's wheat field, no taller than the young grain itself, the tow-headed youngster waved frantically as the train passed, and kept waving until long after the thin black line was out of sight.

To Dennis Hopper, age five, death meant very little. All he knew was that his beloved cowboy, dearer to him than anyone in the whole world, was to be on that mid-day train. He had been stationed in the wheat field for an hour, had even dared to ignore the call for lunch, to make certain he would not miss the experience. For this was the nearest Dennis had ever been to an actor.

Actors were important to him. Each Saturday, when his grandparents drove into town in the jeep to buy the week's groceries, Dennis was deposited at the local movie theatre and left to revel in the deeds of daring he witnessed on the screen. There were two theatres in Dodge City, and Dennis necessarily went to the cheaper one. Plots mattered nothing to him and he was too young to appreciate the art of acting; it was the world of make-believe that he loved, and in his young eyes all actors were great heroes.

Dennis was an only child, the farm was six miles from Dodge City and the nearest (Continued on page 90)

HE: "I LOVE YOU.



AND YOU BELONG TO ME. BUT I



WON'T MARRY YOU."



SHE: "I TRIED TO RUN

AND I CAN'T. I WANT TO SEE



YOU ON ANY TERMS.

I CAN'T HELP IT."





THE GIRL *An actress on the threshold of stardom*

THE MYSTERY *Why did Jean Peters disappear?*

THE CLUE *This strange love scene*

■ In Hollywood, they say Jean Peters has been 'kidnapped.'

Then they look around and say nervously, "Well—not kidnapped exactly. But—she's—not exactly—allowed to go out."

And then they won't say anything else.

Does it sound fantastic? Wait. There's more. For instance:

Her studio can't find her. They've written to her, wired her, phoned her. Their letters are returned: *Address Unknown*. The wires are never accepted. The phone number has been changed. They haven't been able to speak to Jean Peters for almost four months.

Her best friends can't locate (Continued on page 80)



Beverly—and my TV audience—had just gotten the news: Beverly was the winner! "See those people?" I asked her, "well, some day they'll be seeing you in the movies!"



That morning, Beverly had set the family table as usual—but these days it's lunch with Maureen O'Hara at ROMANOFF'S, and rehearsals with Steve Rowland and Marshall Thompson!



It could be YOU!

by BILL LEYDEN

NBC-TV Master of Ceremonies

■ As you know, each day Monday thru Friday on NBC-TV's *It Could Be You*, we surprise many people with facts about themselves. Today, I'll tell you about the young lady in the picture with me.

Her name is Beverly Faye Robinson. Right now she's studying at the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE, and in a couple of years she's going to make a screen test. Then she'll know if *all* the dreams she dreamed are going to come true.

We're betting that in not much more than a couple of years you're going to be asking for her autograph.

It could be you.

It all started when Beverly was nineteen.

She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to very much. But when you live in Nashville, Tennessee, you sort of resign yourself to just dreaming—Nashville's a long, long way from the bright lights of Broadway and the klieg lights of Movietown.

So Beverly dreamed, until last September.

One lazy warm day, she was sitting over a coke and looking through MODERN SCREEN. After she finished reading the stories and the columns and the feature articles, she started looking at the ads; she had half a coke left, and it was much cooler inside than out.

Suddenly, as if the message had been printed just for her, she read about the MODERN SCREEN LADY ELLEN contest. The words caught her eye—words that were to mean a whole new life for the pretty brunette with the big, big eyes . . . *What Is Your Greatest Wish in Life?* That was an easy one to answer!

The LADY ELLEN MODERN SCREEN Contest told Beverly that all she had to do was write a letter telling her dreams—and they'd come true.

Maybe because it was so important to her, Beverly's MODERN SCREEN contest letter spoke right from her heart. And her dreams did come true! It wasn't more than a couple of months later that the starry-eyed Beverly stood in front of the stage-door entrance at the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE, about to enter its doors for the first time. Suddenly the tears welled up, "I never thought it would happen—I've wanted this so much, for so many years."

Then she brushed aside the tears of a longing fulfilled, and walked through the doors to her future.

Beverly Faye Robinson feels at home in Hollywood now. She's learning her craft—and having a ball. And when she's all through polishing the fine dramatic talent she possesses, you're going to see her face flash on a silver screen—and decide if *all* her dreams will come true.

The LADY ELLEN contest continues in 1957, so—
It could happen to you.

"thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face"



Your hair remembers its loveliest lines...when it's
trained with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls...trains as it holds your wave

If your hair inspires no poetry, is the fault perhaps your own? Are you using a mere pincurl spray? Or are you *training* your hair with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET and its exclusive "control" ingredient? Use SPRAY NET to set silky but long-lasting pincurls. Use it as always to hold your hair in place. Gradually, excitingly your curls get the habit of curling. These lovely waves remember their place from shampoo to shampoo. Use SPRAY NET faithfully and soon your hair will be trained to softest perfection—poetic perfection!

BOTH FORMULAS NOW
 IN GLAMOROUS NEW
 GOLDEN CONTAINERS:

SUPER SOFT
 trains most hair and
 hair styles beautifully.

REGULAR for hair
 harder to manage.

69¢, Large \$1.25,
 Giant Economy \$1.89
 plus tax

can an actress really be a good mother?

(Continued from page 44) That was eleven years ago, and since then Deborah has never felt that old ache of loneliness, not even when she and her husband are apart, separated because of their work. Their marriage is rock-solid.

There were a couple of other blessings too: her career zipped her to the top of the heap, and she and Tony had two adorable girls, Melanie and Francesca.

God's in his heaven, all's right with the world, and life for Deborah was just a bowl of cherries.

Until one day when Deborah heard a neighbor tell Melanie how lucky she was to have a movie star for a mother. "I guess so," Deborah overheard her child answer, "but this is the first time I've seen Mother in three months."

Deborah stood there, shocked into the past. Suddenly she was reliving a time she hadn't thought of for twenty years, a time from her own childhood when she lay on starched sheets at night and heard the soft breathing of her sleeping school-mates—while she tried to smother her own sobs of loneliness in the soft pillow.

And the days when Deborah had sat in classes, listening to the teacher who looked just a little like her mother, and wanted—with a want that really made her heart hurt—to feel soft protecting arms holding her... and brushing away her tears a light kiss that said *everything's all right; Mummie is here.*

This was what Melanie was feeling? Her child? Then Deborah was a failure!

A terrible fear

She walked over to the little girl she loved with all her heart, whose happiness was her own happiness—whose tears were her tears. She cradled a surprised Melanie in her arms and whispered, "Everything will be all right, darling. Mummie's here."

But she felt a terrible fear. Would everything be all right? Could she be a good mother, the kind of mother that a child had the right to have? A mother plus a wife—plus an actress?

When Melanie darted away, eagerly following a bright butterfly that skipped from flower to flower, Deborah made a solemn vow: *I'll have to remember how it is to be a little girl, Melanie; I'll have to remember you're too young to understand that even if we're not around—the people who love you are still with you.*

One day, weeks later, she sat reading the new script that had just been sent to her by the studio. All of a sudden her mind started racing and the words on the page were blotted out. Would she have to choose? Could that ever happen, a day when she would realize that she had to choose between the work she loved—and her children? No...

Deborah closed the script, turned out the reading lamp and sat in the twilight filtering through the window. Her head went back against the chair and she closed her eyes. She tried to picture what it would be like without the excitement of studying a new role, learning to live the part, to feel it, to get it across. To create.

Happiness for all of them

Then the door flew open and a small cyclone plumped itself down on Deborah's lap. "Help me with my 'rithmetic, Mummie," Melanie begged.

"Don't you think it would be better if you tried to figure it out yourself?" Deborah asked. Only the asking sounded more like a wail, because wrestling with Melanie's arithmetic problems is just about the only maternal chore that really bugs Deborah.

"No, Mummie, I think it would be better if you helped me," Melanie answered her mother, most emphatically.

So Deborah looked at it a bit, figured out what the trouble was—and calmly crossed off a couple of spare zeros that she didn't know what to do with!

"That's not the way my teacher does it," objected Melanie.

"Well," snapped her mother in one of her rare flare-ups, "you tell your teacher I said he's crazy!" Then, reconsidering, she added, "Well, perhaps you'd better not," and she swept the script off the table to spread out the math books and concentrate on the brain-teaser in comfort.

A quarter hour later, after much head scratching and pencil chewing, Deborah came up with an answer that her daughter was willing to settle for. Melanie trotted off to finish her homework, and again Deborah was alone in the quiet room. She stooped to pick up the script lying on the floor, and—almost as if there were two Deborahs sitting there, one of them listening and the other speaking—she heard herself say, "Of course there's no choice." That moment she knew that she could never just muddle along and take everything she wanted out of life... and do only a half-job if she didn't have time to do everything *right*. Not where her children were involved. If she had to choose, she knew where her choice lay—because Deborah knew what was really important to her... to keep loneliness from two little balls of fluff whose arms

Helen Hayes' only advice to her son, Jamie MacArthur, about his first movie job was: "Always eat in the studio commissary. It's better food than you can get outside, and cheaper."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

around her neck spelled happiness—for all of them.

An important choice

She knew that the next months would tell her whether or not a choice would have to be made. Whether or not she could give of herself to the work she loved—without taking from her family. The next months of working on *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* would tell her if she could be an actress, without condemning her daughters to the kind of emptiness that her own childhood had held for her.

The months sped by...

It was almost Christmas. Shooting was finished, and Bob and Dorothy Mitchum talked Deborah and Tony into celebrating with them in New Orleans. "I'll show you New Orleans like you'll never see it with anybody else," Bob wheedled. "It's his favorite city," Dorothy laughed, "so he probably could, too!"

The weeks of working had taken their toll. Deborah felt as exhausted as she'd ever felt in her life. Days of vacationing in a strange city as exciting as New Orleans, days of forgetting everything except resting and having fun with Tony and the Mitchums sounded like just the kind of escape she needed to unwind from the tensions of living a role. She looked at Tony, saw the eyebrows go up in that way that means *anything you'd like is fine with me*—and felt her tight nerves begin to relax. "We'll go!"

And hours later they were on their way.

They were in New Orleans just one day. Just long enough to have New Orleans coffee and doughnuts in the one place that Bob Mitchum said was the only place in

the world where they made the coffee just like it should be, with just the right amount of cinnamon—just long enough to taste shrimps prepared like Deborah had never tasted before—just long enough to catch a glimpse of the French quarter and insist to Tony and Bob and Dorothy, "I know I'm going to find something fabulous in one of those tiny little shops, and I'm going to go into every one of them before we leave!" Just one day, and she was telling Tony, "I'm beginning to feel myself unwind enough to think maybe I'll live. Even for the re-shooting on the picture!"

Then the telegram came: Melanie was to perform in a holiday play at her school the next afternoon. Could Mummie come?

Deborah knew how much she needed the relaxation that New Orleans held out to her; she had worked hard. What difference could it make to Melanie whether or not Mummie was at the play—there'd be plenty of others to applaud her. The children were well taken care of; their nurse loved them—Deborah had been home just the week before; they wanted for nothing. Tony didn't say anything. This was something that Deborah had to work out.

She sat in their hotel room, thinking of all the plans the four of them had made for the next days, thinking how wonderful it felt to be away from everything except fun. And thinking how lost a little girl can feel if she feels she's alone, even if she isn't—but just feeling that way...

Then she looked up at Tony. "Make the reservations, darling. And tell Bob and Dorothy. I'll pack," she said wistfully.

They took the next plane out, and Deborah was on hand to cheer Melanie in her dramatic debut.

Melanie shows her the way

As they drove home from school Melanie was a little chatterbox, telling her mother about all the things that almost made the play a flop, what with the ten-year-old leading man being temperamental and the scenery taking longer to finish and, and, and.

Deborah looked at her daughter and smiled. "Why, you didn't even have time to miss me," she joked. "Even if I hadn't been away, I'll bet you wouldn't have had time to even see me, what with all that going on!" Just so her mother's feeling wouldn't be hurt, Melanie generously explained, "Oh, I don't mind having you around when I don't need you!"

Then Melanie looked up at her mother, her eyes very serious, and explained, "You see, Mummie, if you're not here it doesn't matter too much—just as long as I know you'll come when I have to have you."

A smile played on Tony's lips, but he kept his eyes glued to the road ahead. Deborah hugged her child to her; here was the answer.

She would not have to choose!

Her children knew that every cry in the night would be answered—be the cry foolishness or not. And knowing that, their mummie could be away from them and she would still be with them... always.

Eleven years ago Deborah learned to be happy without loneliness. Now she's learned to give to the very little ones the same fulfillment that a gentle man had brought her when he showed her a love without fear. And she's teaching her children what she herself had never known—how to be alone, and know that you are not alone...

END

Deborah can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Watch for her soon in U.A.'s *Separate Tables*, 20th's *An Affair To Remember* and Otto Preminger's Columbia release *Bonjour Tristesse*.

ANY MAN
WILL COME
TO LIFE



Virna Lisi—Italian actress

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marilyn's having a baby!

(Continued from page 49) to some of her close friends, she was continually in and out of tears for the next three days. "But it's bad for the baby," her husband told her the next night when they were sitting at dinner with a few pals and Marilyn, just like that, began crying into her soup.

"The baby will understand," Marilyn said, putting down her spoon and burying her pretty face in a napkin. "The baby knows why I'm crying."

Later that night, Marilyn—normally a listener during these after-dinner conversation hours—chatted away. With Arthur sitting beside her, gently rubbing the back of her hand with his warm palm, she talked about the baby she'd just learned she was going to have, about how she and Arthur were going to do everything possible to make the baby healthy and happy. And as she talked, you couldn't help thinking back to the loveless misery and hurt of her own childhood and you couldn't help knowing the fight in this girl's heart to guarantee that her still-unborn child would never, never be touched by any of that misery or hurt.

"My little girl," says Marilyn—she's sure she's going to have a girl—"is always going to be told how pretty she is. When I was small, all the dozens and dozens of people I lived with—none of them ever used the word *pretty* to me. I used to have this very special dream. I used to dream that Clark Gable was my father and that he had five daughters and I was one of them and that when he came home from work at night he used to come running over to me—not any of the others, but *me*—and pick me up high and say, 'Norma Jean, you are so pretty . . . you are so pretty!' I used to wake up in the morning smiling, for a little while at least.

"I want my little girl to smile all the time. All little girls should be told how pretty they are and I'm going to tell mine, over and over again."

The horrible childhood

God, too, is going to be made very special and important to their baby. When Arthur was a boy, his Jewish upbringing taught him that God was love and God was good and He was the best friend anybody could have, along with mama and papa. But Marilyn's mother was away in a mental sanitarium and her father had never been her legal father. And, anyway, he was just plain away. So Marilyn was shipped off to live with a minister and his wife.

Here are the horrible childhood introductions Marilyn had to religion:

"When I lived with the minister and his wife," Marilyn says, "they told me that if I went to a movie on a Sunday, God would strike me dead. The first time I dared to sneak away and go to a Sunday movie, I was scared stiff to come out. When I did, it was raining. There was thunder and lightning and I ran all the way home, expecting to be struck dead any minute. Even after I was home and in bed, with my head buried underneath the covers, I was terrified. I don't think it's right to use God to frighten a child like that. I've learned in all the years that have passed that God is everything that is wonderful in this life—and that's something my baby is going to know from the minute she can begin to understand things."

It's no secret to anyone who knows Marilyn well that she's been waiting for this baby of hers for a long time. "After all," a friend of hers says, "she's thirty now and Arthur is her third husband and you might think that if she'd wanted a child badly she'd have had one a long

time ago. But there's some kind of big justice in life—and looking back, it seems only just to Marilyn and her two former husbands that there was no baby then; equally right to Marilyn and Arthur that a child is now on its way."

When Marilyn was just a kid of sixteen and married to twenty-one-year-old Jim Dougherty in Los Angeles, she knew two things. One was that, like most new brides, she wanted a baby; the other was that she wasn't in love with her husband. Sure, Jim was a nice guy and all that. But a girl's guardians can't come up to her one day and say *we're leaving town soon and we'd rather you didn't come with us and we'd*

Igal Mosensohn, the Israeli playwright, is truly the Man from Mars. When he was in N. Y. for his play, *Casablan*, he was invited to observe a session at the Actors' Studio. First he went to a nearby drugstore, and noticed an attractive blonde having a soda. He saw her again at the Actors' Studio. He introduced himself, then said: "You look like you'd make a good actress. I may have a role for you. What's your name?" . . . She told him: "Marilyn Monroe" . . . He took out a pencil, then said: "Spell it."

The Change: I quoted Goldwyn as siding with Marilyn Monroe in her desire to do *The Brothers Karamazov*. Charles Einfeld, vice-pres. of 20th Century-Fox, told me: "You can tell Goldwyn that if he would like to produce *Brothers Karamazov* with Marilyn, we'll release her for this picture" . . . The next week Einfeld asked, scoffingly: "Got a director in mind for that Goldwyn-Monroe-Karamazov movie?" . . . I mentioned one name, Elia Kazan . . . "In that case," said Einfeld seriously, "20th Century-Fox will do the movie."

When Marilyn Monroe checked into St. Vincent's Hospital in California, the admissions office questioned her about her religion. She replied "No" to specific denominations, then added: "But I do believe in God." After spending a week in the hospital Miss Monroe was called by one of the directors who said: "You have no private nurse. You haven't asked for one. In fact, you haven't asked for a thing. Isn't there something you want?" . . . "Well, maybe just an extra blanket," said Marilyn. "It's been cold here nights."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

like you to meet a fellow we happen to know and we suggest that after you meet him you marry him pronto—and expect that girl to be really in love with this all-of-a-sudden husband.

Well, that's what happened with Marilyn and Jim and, despite Marilyn's desire for motherhood she and that too-young husband were lucky: they didn't have a child. After a year of bickering and unhappiness, Jim joined the Merchant Marines, and that marriage was that.

A more complex marriage

Marilyn's life with Joe DiMaggio was a

lot more complex. The wedding took place in 1954, some eleven years after Jim Dougherty had walked out on her. In those eleven years, Marilyn had become the most famous face and figure in the world, a pin-up girl, a Hollywood star. There was nothing now that she couldn't have. And she decided, after a couple of years of courtship, that she wanted Joe.

On the surface, it was all very glamorous and exciting. Marilyn had just rebelled against her studio for the first time, refusing to make *Pink Tights*. Joe told Marilyn to pack her bags and come to San Francisco with him. He asked her to marry him.

Yes, all very glamorous and exciting on the surface. But deep in her heart, Marilyn knew that as far as she was concerned, she was simply marrying the man she thought she was in love with, the man who would be her perfect husband and the perfect father of her children.

"And how she wanted children with Joe!" a very good friend of hers will tell you. "Of course, she was attracted to Joe for lots of the obvious physical reasons—big man, Yankee Stadium muscles, soft pleasant voice. But she was also attracted to the fact that he came from a large, happy Italian family, and to the idea that some day she, too, would have a flock of bambinos all over the place."

"Maybe someday . . ."

"She was so happy in the beginning," her friend continued. "I was with them in San Francisco once and she and Joe invited me over to dinner at his family's one night. As soon as we got there Marilyn made a bee-line for the kitchen to watch the DiMaggio women go to town with all the antipastos and the spaghetti and what-have-you. They were a quiet family and most of the time Marilyn just stood there watching, sort of not daring to ask any questions. At one point that night, I remember, one of the women started pouring raisins into the meat she was preparing for meatballs and then she sprinkled something else, a kind of white powder, over the meat and Marilyn whispered to me, 'I wonder what *that* is?' I said to her, 'Why don't you go over and ask?' And she said, still whispering, 'No, I don't think they want to be bothered now.' . . . But they were a very nice family and Marilyn liked them an awful lot and she liked it especially when it came time to sit down at the tremendous table they had in the dining room, and you could just see those beautiful blue eyes of hers looking from behind her forkful of veal scallopine and counting all the heads that made up the family and thinking, 'Maybe someday. . . .'"

That same friend remembers another night, a little more than a year later—a night that was *not* so pleasant. This time the place was New York, up in Marilyn's and Joe's fancy Sutton Place apartment. And this time a GRAUMAN'S THEATRE klieg light couldn't help you find any feeling of family love around the place.

The night Joe walked out

"A little while earlier, Marilyn had been out on Lexington Avenue shooting the famous wind-up-her-skirt scene for *The Seven Year Itch*," her friend recalls. "Joe had already made it obvious to the press that he was annoyed with the whole thing. Now, in their apartment, with a few friends around, he was making it obvious to Marilyn."

"Like just about anyone else, Joe had a temper on occasion. But this time it was more than temper he was showing. It was real deep-rooted anger. He yelled *wasn't she ashamed of herself standing in the street like that, her skirt being blown up*

her shoulders with a couple of thousand photographers and passers-by standing around whistling and clapping?

Marilyn answered him at first. 'It was my job, Joe,' she tried to explain. 'Everybody's got to do something they don't like to do for their job once in a while.'

And as Marilyn was talking, trying to explain, I remembered talking to Tom Miller, Marilyn's co-star in that picture, a little while earlier that day. Tom told me about the day a week or so before, out in Hollywood, when he sat in the studio commissary having lunch at the table next to Marilyn. She was eating alone, and Tom noticed that she was reading a book. Out of curiosity, he leaned over for a peek at the title. It was The Seven Year Itch. 'Marilyn's really a good girl,' Tom told me that day, 'really a good girl.' But right now Joe didn't think she'd be acting like such a good girl—and he looked at her so, point-blank. And the more he looked and hollered the more Marilyn frowned up. She always does this when she gets nervous, clams up completely.

Finally Joe went rushing out of the commissary. As soon as the door slammed shut, I saw Marilyn go running off into the bathroom. I waited for a moment. When I followed her. When I got to the bathroom, she was letting the water run so nobody could hear her crying. 'I wanted a baby so much,' she sobbed, 'and now it's gone through, and we'll never have one.' It was over, long before it became final. With headlines and lawyers, the end of the marriage and Joe together; the end of that big Jewish family to feel a part of—and add to.

Marilyn: a happy, pregnant wife

So Marilyn right now, that night with Joe, must seem like it all took place a long, long time ago. But it might not seem so long ago if Arthur Miller, whom Marilyn has known and been a little infatuated with before her marriage to Joe, had not come back into the picture. If they hadn't been very much in love with each other when they married. If they hadn't conceived the child that will be theirs soon.

Marilyn's bad days did end and the happy days were here—not again—but finally for the first time in her life.

What's Marilyn like today?

The answer to that is easy. She's a happy, pregnant wife.

Right now, as this is being written, she and Arthur are living in an apartment on New York's East Side, high over the East River and the Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge. The two very pleasant, very Irish doorkeepers of the Miller building will tell you that Marilyn and Arthur are real stay-at-homes. 'Mr. and Mrs. Miller might go out to a party or a theater once in a while,' they'll say, 'but most of the time we only see them when they have to come down to walk their dog.'

By day, Arthur usually sits in his study, head bent over his typewriter, finishing up a novel he's been working on for the last year or so. Marilyn leaves him completely alone—well, pretty nearly completely alone—during these working hours, and passes the time reading, or studying her entry into the Jewish faith, or poring over the blueprint of the house in Connecticut she and Arthur are building, or talking with a friend over the phone, or calling her doctor about some little symptom or other.

Then, at night, family time begins.

How pretty she is

Just like Clark Gable used to do in her childhood dreams, Arthur comes out of his study and hugs his wife, hugs her hard, and tells her how pretty she is. Then he picks her up off her feet, carries her towards the kitchen and tells her, 'I'm

going to throw you into one of those pots if you're not making something I like.'

Then his face lights up into the kind of smile you rarely see in newspaper photos of him as he asks if it's gefulte fish or chicken soup or other favorites of his.

And Marilyn won't answer him until he kisses her—and then she'll say, very softly, 'Just for you.'

At least once a week, Arthur's mother and father drive over from Brooklyn for dinner with Arthur and another new daughter-in-law. And on that night, unlike those nights a few years ago when Marilyn used to stand back in a corner of that kitchen in San Francisco and watch the DiMaggio women prepare the big family meal, Marilyn prepares the meals from beginning to end with Mrs. Miller—who gave her a few lessons in cooking Arthur's favorites—allowed to do nothing more than help set the table and then sit back and enjoy herself.

After dinner, Arthur and his father—and brother Kermit, if he happens to be along—usually sit in the study and play some cards while Marilyn and Arthur's mother and sometimes Arthur's attractive sister Joan, sit in a corner of the living room sipping tea and talking about their favorite subjects—Arthur and the expected baby.

"I think it'll be a girl"

'Now I must tell you,' the elder Mrs. Miller will say, 'that in a Jewish family, before the birth of the baby, there must be no infant's furniture or clothes brought into the house because it's a bad luck sign. So no furniture or clothes for the baby.'

'No anything for the baby,' Marilyn will echo, nodding.

'And of course you know that the baby is named only after a relative who is dead,' Mrs. Miller continues. 'Of course, it doesn't have to be the complete name if you don't want it. Just the initial will do.'

'Just the initial,' Marilyn repeats.

'And if it's a boy. . . .' Mrs. Miller may start to say.

'But I think it's going to be a girl,' Marilyn will interrupt.

'Never mind you think a girl,' Mrs. Miller will interrupt right back. 'Now if it's a boy we must get ready to have the bris eight days after the birth, and get the cake, and the wine to drink to you and Arthur and the baby. It's all very nice.'

And all very nice it is for Marilyn right now, these few hours every week, sitting there with her down-to-earth mother-in-law, feeling good and important and happy with family love in a way that no mere movie star, no matter how beautiful or famous or rich, can just pick up a script and feel.

In fact, those mid-week visits by the Millers are as much fun as the weekly Sunday visits with Arthur's two children by his first marriage, Joan Ellen, thirteen, and Robert, nine.



These pix of Marilyn Monroe were taken on the run by a free-lance photographer. Marilyn won't pose: she's going to have a baby and wants privacy to treasure the moments of waiting.

Squeals with joy

Every Sunday morning at nine on the dot, Arthur drives out to Brooklyn to pick up his two children. He goes inside the house for a few minutes, says hello to his ex-wife, and then he and Joan Ellen and Robert all pile into the car and are back at the apartment by about eleven. A friend of the Millers, a photographer, who spent a week end with them recently, described the arrival: 'Joan and Robert rushed up to Marilyn and gave her a big squeeze and kiss and then Robert asked if it was time to eat yet. Marilyn kidded him, saying she'd forgotten to do any shopping for the week end and asked Robert if maybe he'd like to walk up the street a few corners and get them all some hot dogs. Robert, a very polite boy, gulped and said sure he'd go. Then Marilyn laughed and took him into the kitchen and showed him the roast beef and baked potatoes she'd made and the ice cream cake she'd ordered and you should have heard that boy squeal with joy.'

'After lunch, my wife and I hung around the apartment while Marilyn and Arthur bundled up the kids and took them up to Central Park for a walk and a visit to the zoo. They were gone a couple of hours and it was great to see the four of them walk in together, all holding hands and laughing and trying to outdo one another in imitating a sad-faced giraffe they'd obviously spent most of their time looking at.'

'By this time it was time to eat again and Marilyn set up all kinds of luscious cold cuts and potato salad and cole slaw and ginger ale. We all sat around the living room eating buffet style and this was the part of the day devoted to serious conversation—Arthur sitting with Robert having a long talk about how the boy was doing in school, Marilyn sitting with Joan and talking about a few new friends the girl had made and, as I recall, about a very important dress Joan had just bought for a very important party the following Saturday night.'

'After supper, we all relaxed for a few hours watching television—Arthur still sitting next to Robert, Marilyn sitting and holding hands with Joan. And then at nine o'clock it was time to go. The good-byes were very excited, filled with lots of exclamations of this and that and lots of laughter. I remember too that they took about half an hour to get over with.'

'Then the door closed. Arthur had left to take the children back home. Marilyn was crying. My wife and I have known her long enough to know that she always cries when she's very happy.'

'We've known her long enough, too, to know that she's going to make—you should pardon the expression—a damn wonderful mother!'

END

Marilyn will soon be seen in an L.O.P. Limited Production The Prince And The Showgirl for Warner Bros.

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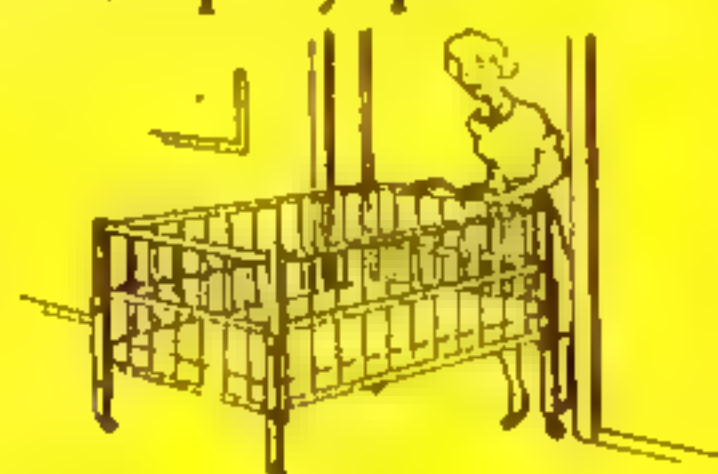
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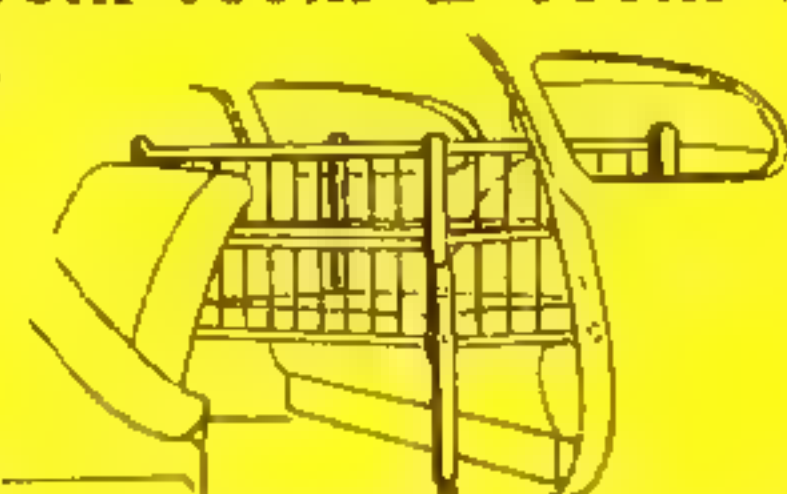
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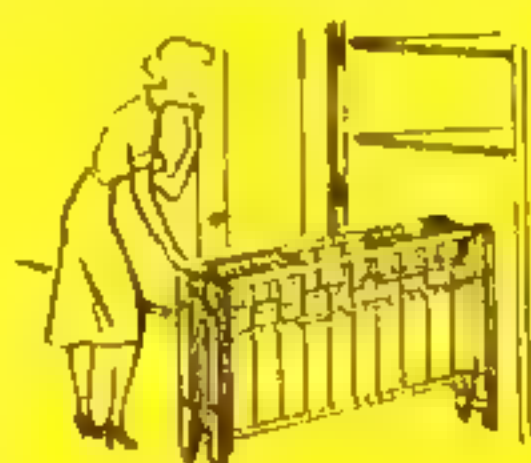
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INC. MANCHESTER, MO

el's favorite picture

(Continued from page 46) El if he and Nick and Gene would like to go horseback riding with me at Wild Bill Elliott's ranch. He's a famous movie cowboy, but he runs a real working cattle ranch. El said yes and we decided to go riding the next day.

So late Sunday morning, I parked my car in the hotel garage and took the elevator to El's floor. I was carrying my drawing tablet, with my Levi jacket thrown over it so it wouldn't be too noticeable. Gene and Nick were sitting at the breakfast table and Elvis was still in his room. I yelled, "Hi, El!" and he yelled back at me, "Mornin' Sugar!" I wasn't hungry, so I sat down on the foot stool left of El's vacant chair at the table. I put my art tablet, open to

the drawing, on the floor where the long white table cloth partially covered it. From where El would be sitting, I was sure he wouldn't notice it. On the floor near El's chair was a phonograph and some records. I was shuffling through the records, picking out the ones I wanted to hear, when El came into the room. He was wearing frontier pants and socks; no shirt or shoes, and his hair was rumpled, because he had just gotten up. I laughed at him and we traded good natured insults about how scary looking we both were. Of course, El really looked perfectly all right, just not movie-starish, and I looked like you'd expect anybody to look who was about to go horseback riding—jeans, cotton cowboy shirt, and Indian squaw boots. Nick and Gene were wearing riding clothes too. Not fancy, just regular ranch clothes. El sat down

at the table after giving a playful tug at one of my pig tails.

El's LP album

The table was loaded with plates of bacon and toast, several small bottles of milk, and six cantaloupe halves. Gene had already done away with one of the melons and so had Nick. El asked me if I wanted anything to eat, and I helped myself to some bacon. I like bacon as much as El does, which means I really like it. As soon as El sat down, he jumped up again. *There go my chances, drawing even a line,* I thought, but he was only getting up to put on the phono. When I found out what record he was going to play I was really excited. It was his latest long playing album, and it wasn't scheduled to be released for several weeks. I was going to hear it now. RCA Victor had sent Elvis an advance copy, which is just a rough cut version so to speak, though the numbers were included.

Little did I know when El finally sat down how fortunate I was going to be...because he sat there for over an hour and never got up except once to fix the record. The rest of the time he had me work on the phono. Because it wasn't a very good copy of the record, I couldn't understand all the words. El just let it play through once and every now and then he'd say, "Listen to that part there," or "that part really sounds better when the record comes out" or "here's a part you'll like." Different times he would ask me if I thought the record would be a success or if I liked a certain part of it. He never bragged about how good any of it was, but frequently mentioned how good the boys backing him up vocally and instrumentally were. One part came on that he didn't like as well as the rest. El said, "Let it play through once so you can hear it, then we won't play it any more."

El notices the pencil

Most of the time he was munched on the bacon and drinking milk, but soon he started in on the melon. He takes enormous bites and can finish off half a cantaloupe in a few minutes. Some of the time he'd just lean back in his chair and sort of gaze off into space; that's when my pencil was busiest. I would get just the look I like best and between trying to get it down on paper and listening to his songs and fixing the phono when the needle jumped, I was mighty busy.

Finally El noticed my pencil and asked what I was doing. I told him that I was working on the drawing that I had been telling him about for so long. He wanted to see it, but told him he couldn't see it until it was finished.

Instead of becoming conscious of the fact that I was doing his portrait and turning pose-ish, El didn't mind me any mind, and we all went on listening to the record. I was so happy I could hardly stand it. He was Elvis Presley actually sitting still while I drew his portrait; he was playing his new record as a preview for me—and to top it off he was singing along with it sometimes. I practically forgot all about going to the ranch.

Gene and Nick got up from the table. Nick went over and sat

the chair to read some magazines. Gene appeared. But El and I just went on listening to the records. After a while El sat up from the table and said, "I'll sit in this easy chair here by the record player, and we'll start the record over again. I'll tell you the words that you can't understand on this warped record, and you can help me on drawing me." Boy, was I happy!

El moved to the easy chair and I turned around to face him. He had taken time to comb his hair, and it looked just as I have drawn it in the picture. Knowing how nervous Elvis is, I was very surprised at how long he sat still in that chair. Sometimes he closed his eyes, but mostly he just sat gazing off. Then one by one, he played every record on the album to me, and the ones where the words were fast or extra hard to understand, he'd repeat them over and over for me until I knew them by heart. Sometimes he'd say, "OK, now listen real close." I'd listen and then he'd sing right in my ear, and I'd understand every word. The next time he played it, I could sing it right along with him. After a while I saw that Gene had come back and was sitting on the couch and Nick was gone. Gene said that Nick had gone down to the drugstore. Pretty soon El played his record "Old Shep." He wanted me to particularly hear it and to catch all the words. He came over and sat next to me on the floor. I had put the drawing aside because I was getting tired and wanted to rest a few minutes. I was resting my head on the cushioned foot-stool and El sat down by me and started singing "Old Shep" real softly. It was so sad—and El sang it with a catch in his throat, sort of husky voiced, and he told me how he had been singing it since he was a boy. I told him I had read that he won a prize for singing it, and he said that was true. "It wasn't first prize anything, but it was at the fair and I sang this song. It really makes me sad singing it."

He sang it so beautifully and with a sort of far-away look, and I was about ready to cry, because I had seen my little puppy killed just a few weeks before that.

Mimic Elvis

I guess I must have been looking *real* sad because El put on a record I just loved called "Paralysed" and he sang it for me and danced around. It's a rock 'n' roll piece, and I got up and was copying his dancing around in front of all the mirrors in the doors there. El took one look at me mimicking him and he hollered at me, "Hey now, you cut that out." I just laughed and laughed, and he was laughing when I copy everything he did—and pretty soon I was laughing so hard I just flopped back into a chair. El left the room then, and Gene was in the kitchen, so I was all alone. I thought to myself, "How can anyone say bad things about a boy like that who never tried to hurt anybody in his life?" I was thinking about how, just then, that whole morning, he had sat still for me while I held his portrait, and how he had the patience and had taken the time to teach me the words to every song on the record. When he had made me happy by dancing, singing and clowning, when he knew I was sad about my pup.

It was a beautiful day and I got up and walked over to the wide-open window. Out on the sidewalk several stories below, groups of cute girls were standing around their Sunday outfits, and when they saw me they all started yelling and waving, so I waved at them. Pretty soon El came back into the room and waved to them too. Then he put on some Al Hibbler records and we listened to them while Gene and Nick were getting ready to go. By now El had his shoes on and a green western jacket that he'd bought in Las Vegas and

off we went. What a wonderful day it was!

I was grateful that El had been so cooperative with me, turning his head this way and that, or looking off in a certain direction. For instance, several times—to make sure I had the right conception of his features and facial bone structure—I had felt his face, touched his high cheek bones and his famous sideburns, and tilted his head to the left or right for proper lighting. El never uttered a squawk. Even when I ran my fingers over the bridge of his nose and poked gently all over his face like it was made of putty, he didn't complain. No one could have asked for a better subject.

I finished the picture the following day, and that night I brought it over to the hotel for El to see.

Awaiting El's decision

You can imagine how nervous I was about getting El's opinion. After all, he had helped me so much by being so patient. He had never sat for any other artist, and it is doubtful that he would be able to find time to do so again in the near future, even if he wanted to.

El was resting. He had been working all day, and now it was time for him to leave on a personal appearance tour of Texas. I was really shook when I took the picture in to him. I held the portrait out to him in its white fold-over frame. He opened it real slowly and looked at it very closely. I was holding my breath so long I must have turned slightly purple. He held it out at arms length and just kept staring at it. Finally he said, "Man, it's just wonderful! It's the best picture of me I ever saw! How did you ever do it? I didn't know you were so talented."

He just kept looking at it like he couldn't believe it. He said, "It's *great*, man; I mean it is really *GREAT*." He hollered for Nick and Gene to see it and then the three of them all talked about how good it was. I was ecstatic over El's reaction to my artistic efforts. He gave me a mighty bear hug and said he was awfully proud of me for doing anything so good and for being so talented. I told him that's exactly how I feel when *he* does a real good show or makes a good record.

He put the picture up on the dresser and kept looking at it, not saying anything, while everyone also bustled around getting ready to leave. He asked me if he could have the picture. I said, "I'm sorry El, but it's my favorite picture of you, and to me it's so life like—so *really you*—that I just can't part with it. But I'll have it duplicated and send you one."

That's exactly what I did, and now Elvis has it in his home in Memphis.

When he was ready to go, we took the elevator to the garage, and after El signed a few last autographs we drove to the station. On the way to the station we were listening to the radio and we heard my name. I told El he was certainly lucky to be sitting beside a big celebrity like me. Boy, did we laugh! In the train station Elvis was surrounded by fans. I selected a bunch of magazines for him, and so did Nick and Gene. Some of the mags had big pictures of El and me together. We whispered a few words to each other, but it was so crowded with all the fans that he headed right for the train.

As usual I hated to see Elvis leave. But this time I knew that he'd be coming back to Hollywood soon . . . and that it was going to be *his* town now, at least while he's making movies, and that's going to be often.

END

Elvis can soon be seen in Paramount's *Loving You* and MGM's *Jail House Rock*.

ELVIS ELVIS ELVIS ELVIS



Exactly one dollar gets you
the life-like, four-color picture of
Elvis right on your finger

—to wear all the time!

His portrait is magnified under
clear lucite in a ring that's out of
this world: 18-carat gold plate;
adjustable to any finger;
guaranteed never to tarnish;
designed with about the snazziest
groove pattern. But best of all—
Elvis on your finger!

Is the supply limited? Not on
your life! We told the manufacturer
to keep his factory going till the
last order is in—from *you*. Of
course, the longer you wait to fill in
the coupon on the bottom of the
page, the longer it'll take till the
ring gets to you. So hurry, 'cause
if you saw it—you *couldn't* wait!

MODERN SCREEN, Dept. P.
10 West 33 St., New York 1, N. Y.

I want (how many?) Elvis Presley Photoring(s)
(\$1 each, check or money order only please)

Name (Please type or print.)

Street

City

Zone State



try a new hair color for Glamour

■ "What female would not like to be more attractive?" asks Arlene Dahl, movie star, syndicated beauty columnist and lingerie designer.

With that question Arlene really brought all of us gals up to attention. With a unanimous, "You bet we'd like to be more attractive." How to do it? Arlene suggests that you take one particular month and give specific attention to a special beauty project.

With vacation time but weeks away what better month to concentrate on your hair! Have it gleaming, bright and even a brand new color to excitingly compliment all of those beautiful duds you've been buying for the best vacation yet.

Nearly every girl has already used one or several of the many preparations that highlight, brighten, or color blend the hair—most have had the fun and excitement of streaking or tipping it.

But not nearly enough gals have come to the realization that they can become much more attractive and glamorous by changing the color of their hair completely. It is a wonderful and fabulous idea that has worked wonders on the popularity polls. So why don't you resolve to try a new hair color, too.

Movie stars must change the color of their hair to meet the requirements of the various movie parts they play. Many of them found they were even lovelier with a new hair color—all thought it great fun and some felt that a new hair color changed their life—even their personality.

Hair coloring has become a speedy and easy trick. Thanks to the never tiring effort of the chemists and manufacturers.

Are you a brunette and secretly thrill to the dream of becoming a beautiful redhead like Arlene Dahl who was born with flaming tresses?

Well go right ahead and take the hair coloring step. For today every gal you see is "doing something" or "wanting to do something" about the color of her hair.

You can accomplish a complete change of hair color all at once by completely bleaching your hair and applying a new hair color—or—by tackling the project in several steps with a series of bleachings that will take the color out of your hair gradually until in the last bleaching it is decolorized sufficiently to apply the new hair color desired.

Naturally, if you change the color of your hair slowly over a period of weeks the final change will not be so startling and you and your friends will have time to accustom yourselves to the transformation.

If you want to really be dramatic—make the change suddenly.

When you have bleached your hair to a completely pale blonde shade (or have decolorized it as a final bleaching is technically called) you can test your secret yearning to be a redhead by using a temporary hair coloring. A temporary hair coloring washes out—so if the hair color you choose is not too becoming you can simply wash it out and try another color.

(Continued on page 74)

added attractions



■ A gal just can't have enough bras, girdles and lingerie in her vacation wardrobe. Today sports and dress-up clothes demand their own particular underpinnings. Here are several garments you will want to add to your summer wardrobe. *Left:* A scoop for scoop-neck dresses. The front hook nylon alençon lace strapless bra—it has contour cups—a dainty lace edging—and a low criss-cross back of elastic, for perfect comfort. White. \$5. By Hollywood V-ette. *Left below:* Sports Girdle—a velvety soft natural rubber garment that features gentle control, non-roll top, no bones, no stitching, no cutting and no binding. This all-over perforated garment is easy on and off—just great to wear with slacks, swimsuits and all sports clothes. White or pink. \$2. By Kleinert. *Right:* For your vacation dresses, try this Helen of Troy nylon tricot half-slip with scalloped Florentine-type lace trim. White. About \$4. A Stardust fashion—the fully-lined cotton bra with embroidered cups and double elastic band that gives 2-way stretch fit. White. \$1.50. Slippers, Honeybugs. *Far right:* Peter Pan's nylon lace trimmed bra for every occasion—to wear with scoop, halter or regular necklines. It features a low back, contoured cups, removable straps. White or black. \$5. Trim companion—Little X girdle by Peter Pan. Of featherlight weave nylon it is criss-crossed in front for firm tummy support. White, black, pink, blue or beige. \$5.95. Sandals, Dr. Scholl. On the table Verkade's delicacies from Holland.

All photos by Roger Prigent

for your summer wardrobe



try a new hair color

(Continued from page 71) When you are sure of the hair color you want you can use a permanent hair coloring that will not wash out. When you use a permanent hair coloring you must bleach and color the new growth of hair about every two or three weeks.

If you are a light blonde and want to become a redhead no pre-bleaching is necessary. Just apply the color desired as in the case of the pre-bleached brunette described above.

If you are a blonde and prefer to be a darker color choose the color that becomes you the most and follow the same procedure as described for the redhead.

If you are a brunette and want to be a blonde—follow the bleaching procedure as for redhead. Bleach to the desired color. If that shade is not the shade you want, shampoo rinse, wash or spray on the desired shade.

If the blonde shade is too reddish, tone it down with one of the drab blonde, silver blonde or platinum rinses. To get a perfect color that is exactly what you want, you will have to experiment a few times—so don't be discouraged if the first job is not just as you dreamed it to be. When temporary blonde shade is perfect, you can permanently tint the color.

If you are a blonde and want to remain a blonde but feel that your hair looks dull and lifeless choose one of the lightening and brightening preparations. Your hair will sparkle anew and your compliments will soar.

There are also rinses, shampoos and sprays to brighten mousey looking brunette hair, too. These preparations will not permanently color your hair—they will just give your hair a golden highlight that adds up to a glamour look no gal can be without.

Among the marvelous preparations for coloring and bleaching your whole head of hair there are also a wide range of preparations that are especially made for tipping or streaking light or dark colors into your hair. Some of the regular coloring products can be used for this job and then there are others that are made especially to accomplish this intriguing and fascinating trick that is so much the vogue in Hollywood.

Remember that prematurely grey hair running as silver threads through your hair is not glamorous. There are special color blending preparations made to blend these grey strands to the natural color of your hair if you do not want to color your whole head to a new color. A whole head of prematurely grey hair can be most dramatic on a young face if it becomes you—however, while you are young if pre-

maturely grey hair is yours, why not change it during these young years to a dramatic fashion color.

Blend it to a brunette shade or bleach it and color it to a brand new color. You can also make it a pretty great platinum blonde shade if a darker color is not for you.

There are many, many hair coloring and bleaching preparations on the market. To arrive at just the right ones that you should use for your particular pleasure you should study all the ads and then use the trial and error method just as you do with your cosmetics, home perms and other beauty preparations.

Hair care between coloring and bleaching is quite important. Use softening shampoos, and shampoo rinses, to keep your hair lovely and soft. This added care is just an extra precaution against the drying summer elements even if otherwise not needed.

One caution about hair bleaching and coloring. Always be sure and read all the instructions that come with each particular preparation—and follow exactly.

All the gals in Modern Screen's beauty department have gone "hair-color conscious" and we are pretty happy over the whole idea. Why don't you try it—now. And, all anew—take a run to the movie and see Arlene in her next for Columbia *She Played With Fire*. EN

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE DEBORAH KERR

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE NICK ADAMS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE SUSAN HAYWARD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DIANA DORS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DENNIS HOPPER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JEAN PETERS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKED HUMPHREY BOGART:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ didn't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

15. I READ

☐ all of The Inside Story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE. _____ NAME. _____ ADDRESS. _____

CITY. _____ STATE. _____

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY

Elizabeth Anne Widger, Fairview, Illinois; Marietta Berkheimer, Humboldt, Iowa; Dorothea Jacoby, West Keansburg, New Jersey; Mrs. Gerald Hosick, Evansville, Indiana; Betty Kelch, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mrs. Marjorie Wagner, Groves, Texas; Nancy Sams, Ashville, North Carolina; Josie Insera, New York City; Carolyn Sue Brutton, Charleston, West Virginia; Jo Ann Raber, Amity, Pennsylvania.



1



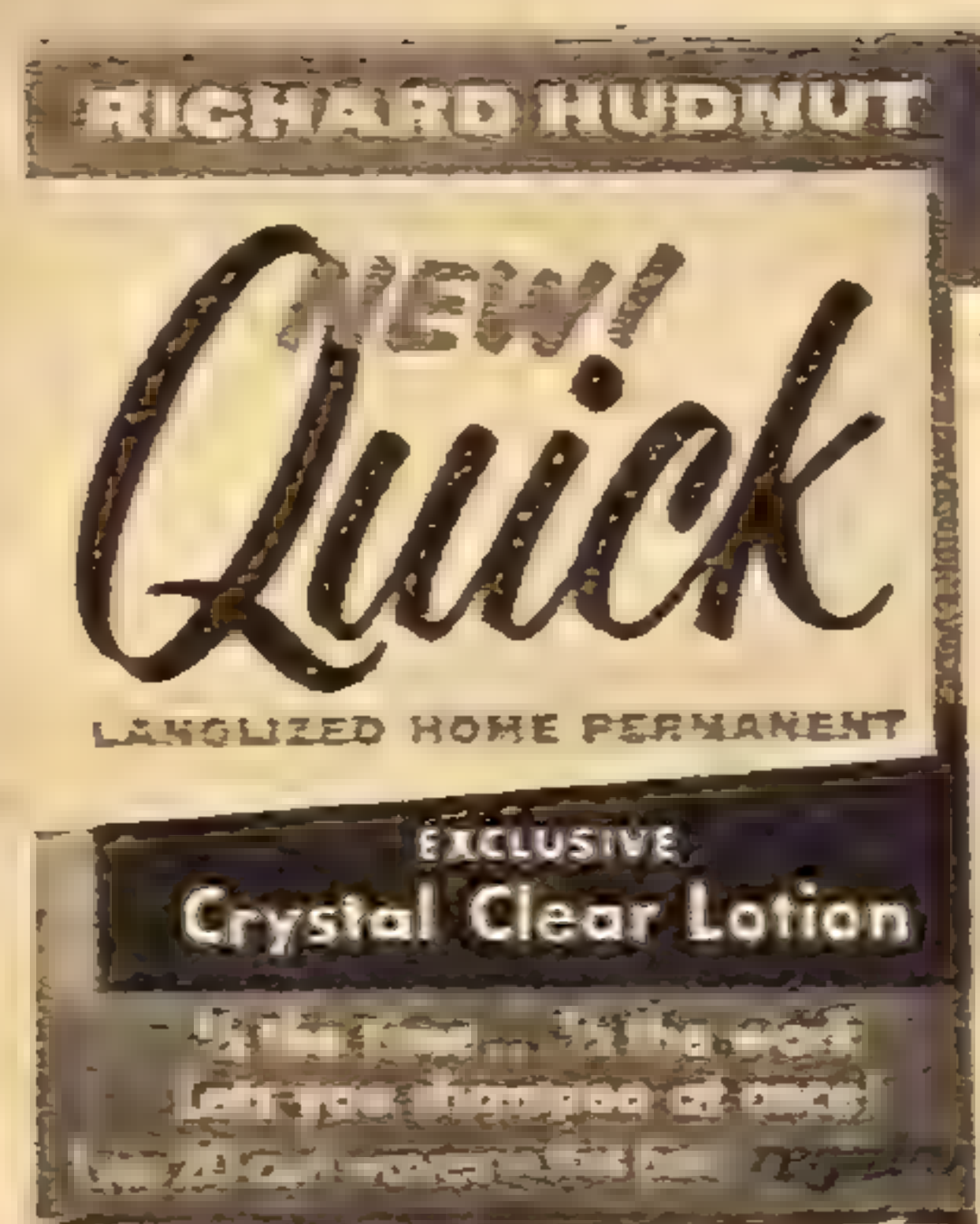
2

modern screen exclusives

Watch for these exciting new products that will soon be in your favorite stores.

1. A new, fast, workless way to put topnotch shine on leather shoes—new self-shining liquid Esquire Lano-Wax. Just spread the wax with applicator, it quickly dries to a bright gloss.
2. Spray temporary color on your hair with new Nestle Streaks 'n' Tips now in black, brown, auburn. To highlight curls, waves—for quick touchups, and to blend graying strands.

Sneak preview of new things for you



Photos by Roger Prigent

3



4



5

3. Richard Hudnut's New Quick Home Permanent "Shampoo Method." The secret, a new wave lotion so efficient, you can actually shampoo your hair as the final step of your home permanent.

4. A new formula in a wonderful flowing cream deodorant your fingers never touch. Twist, it flows—evenly, rapidly, neatly. This modern miracle from the famous laboratories of Stopette.

5. Tint 'n Set is a new combination of a temporary color spray and curl set. Press a button—spray color on your hair and set it at once. Also wonderful for tipping, streaking, and blending grey.



6

6. Jergens Moisture Cream is a new answer to dry skin problems. It is a super-rich lanolin, non-greasy formula that will help to restore lost skin moisture and keeps your skin feeling dewy fresh.

7. From DuBARRY, Color Glo, a new exciting idea in hair coloring. It is the easy way to give any shade of hair a "color lift." Washes right out, but is colorproof against brushing or rubbing off.

8. Figure controlling Nina Teez lastex sanitary panty with patented no-belt, no-pin Sani-Crotch insert pocket for your dainty protection. Ideal under sport clothes. Made by Nanina Mfg. Co., N. Y.



7



8

how we saved our broken marriage

(Continued from page 57) know—I want to.”

Diana wanted to, too. She felt safe in his arms. He was big enough and strong enough to lean on; shrewd enough to rely on. And she loved him.

“Why can’t you ask me to marry you?” she whispered against his lips.

There were many reasons, but they all boiled down to money. Dennis was having a tough enough time just supporting himself. “How much will I ever make selling water softeners? Sure I’m good at it. I know how to sell and I know how to promote. But to make money, I need a product that’s sensational. Water softeners!”

Diana’s mind was racing.

“Think I’m a sensational enough product?” she asked.

And they knew in that instant that they had it. Diana Dors had beauty and talent—and it wasn’t a bit of good to her or anybody else until the big men who make out the contracts knew about her.

Jack Parr was driving past the George Washington Bridge. He told his daughter the name of the bridge. “How could that be?” she snapped. “I thought he had chopped it down.”

Paul Denis

And knew that the public knew about her, and wanted her.

“We’ll make a million,” Dennis shouted, swinging his product up in his arms. “And we won’t stop till we’ve done it!”

Five weeks from the day they met, they were married.

I was already driving Di; even on her wedding day. The campaign had already started. It was our wedding day, and instead of realizing how sentimental a woman is, and that all Di wanted was the somber dignity of the ceremony that joined us together as husband and wife—I was already using everything to make her a world star.

“Call the newspapers”

They went to the register office for the license. And were turned down.

Diana was only nineteen, under age. She would need her parents’ permission.

That was no problem. Diana got their consent on an official form, and Diana and Dennis set another wedding day.

The evening before their wedding, Diana and Dennis sat in a small tea shoppe, drinking cup after cup because they couldn’t say good-night to each other. “I love you, Di. Someday you’re going to have everything you’ve ever wished for. That’s what I want for my wife; I won’t stop working at it until you have everything money can buy.”

Then, suddenly, Dennis sat up like a ram-rod. “I’m going to call all the newspapers—and the newsreels. They’re not going to turn us down a second time because you’re under age, not with a mob of newspapermen there they won’t!”

“But Dennis, we have my parents’ permission; there won’t be any trouble about it this time.”

“We don’t have to tell the reporters that! Just think what a spread it’ll make! It’ll get your name back in print . . . people will start remembering you. Maybe even a producer or . . .”

“But, Dennis,” and her voice sounded very small, “it’s our wedding day.”

“We’ve got to make a splash, honey. That’s what makes the difference. You could be the greatest, Di, and there’d be a

dozen others just as great, just as pretty. Not to me, of course,” he added with the little smile that always turned her heart over, “but success isn’t just talent: it’s making people want you. And to want you, they’ve got to know about you. Any way that it can be done.”

So Diana Dors said *I do* to the accompaniment of flashlight bulbs.

But after the wedding, after they had paid the demands of Ambition, the two of them could be alone and Diana could begin to treasure her first moments as a wife.

They went to a movie—“My charming wife treated me,” Dennis laughs, “I was flat broke”—stopped for one champagne cocktail, because it was their wedding day—and then we were both broke!”

They got home to their flat, looked at each other and burst out laughing. “We found it so amusing,” Diana explains, “that we had absolutely nothing but each other.”

So they bought a Rolls Royce.

“We had only been married a few months,” Diana remembers, “and were up to our eyes in debt, and I couldn’t get any acting jobs. We barely managed to pay the rent—occasionally. But my headstrong husband decided, ‘We are going to buy a Rolls Royce. Not next week, next month, or sometime. Today!’”

“I must have looked at him as if he had two heads, because he added quickly, ‘Honey, it’s the only way to make you a big star, the quick way.’”

A smooth talker

“Well, Dennis forgot all about the water softeners that he was supposed to be selling, and we stopped at a used car dealer’s yard. This husband of mine is one of the fastest, smoothest talkers going, and after half an hour we left the place in a 1931 Rolls, having left our old blue wreck as a down payment.

“It was amazing the effect that car had on us. We felt as if we had money to burn right away. And Dennis was right about putting up a front. One man had offered me about a hundred dollars to do some work. He was so startled at seeing us drive up to meet him in a Rolls Royce that he agreed to triple the fee. Of course, we didn’t tell him that we had to scrape up our last shilling to buy two gallons of gas!”

“That money helped us pay some of our pressing debts. Then, a little while after we got the Rolls, we had to get out of our furnished apartment: we couldn’t pay the rent.”

Dennis and Diana sat on the couch of the only home they had ever known together, and looked at the small printed paper that told them they had one week in which to find another home.

“I’ll start looking tomorrow, Dennis; we’ll find another apartment somewhere.”

“Apartment? We’ll get a house!”

“Some day, honey, of course we will.”

“No! Not some day. Now!” Then, seeing the look on Diana’s face that meant she was a little scared of biting off more than they might be able to chew, Dennis added, “Look. It’s the fast way. Like with the Rolls Royce. What difference does it make if it’s just a little money we owe—or a lot? Either way we haven’t got it. But this way, if we make a big enough splash and attract enough attention, some day we will have it!”

Everyone must know the Dors name

So they rented a furnished house “There was no trouble about references,” Diana explains, “Dennis took the precaution of writing our own!” And they left the Rolls Royce parked in front of it—another

attention-getter. “We raked in a fortune in parking tickets,” Dennis admits “but it was worth it! A Rolls parked in front of our home, plus a few items in the papers, and there were quite a few people who knew that ‘that’s where the actress Diana Dors lives.’”

Diana was offered a part in a revue called *Rendezvous*, at a salary of \$75 “Dennis fought, and got me double.”

“Finally,” sighed Dennis, “the break started coming. First we signed a contract for a show *Life With The Lyons* with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. The salary was \$300 a week, and we were so green that we thought that it was a fortune. Some one to whom I will always be greatly indebted is the agent Joe Collins—he’s Joan Collins’ father, by the way. Honest Joe as we called him, taught me some more of the brutal facts about show business. ‘Talent is just about the least important thing,’ he said, ‘if Diana is a different personality she will last. But she has to behave like a great star.’ I took Joe’s advice and promptly bought Di a pair of leopard-skin trousers, and had the car upholstered to match.”

Di goes blonde

It was on advice from Dennis that Di went bright blonde. Dennis kept up his habit of thinking up ideas to put her name in the news; seldom did a week pass without some mention of the Dors name in the papers.

To help the Dors legend, I found a house in the viddy viddy fashionable Chelsea section of London. I told Di just how we would re-decorate: in the garden we’d put a grotto, adding fish, love bird and a waterfall that would change colors. That should get quite a few columns of newspaper space!

When Dennis first told Di about the Chelsea house, she listened with a quiet that he was unaccustomed to. His enthusiasms, his publicity ideas, had always gotten her as hopped up as he got. At each little victory on the road they had planned together, she had felt the same thrill that he felt—feeling their goal of fame and fortune getting nearer.

But now she sat quietly, her shoulder bent with an unfamiliar weariness.

“What’s the matter, Di? You’ll love the house!”

“It isn’t that. I’m sure it’s lovely.”

“Don’t you think it’s a terrific idea—fish, love birds, colorful fountain . . . It’ll knock them for a loop. Stars haven’t lived like stars for years . . . these days it’s different. The papers will eat it up!”

“It’s not that I don’t think it will work.”

“Then what’s the matter?”

“It’s just that . . .”

And suddenly her shoulders straightened and her eyes got that glint that meant Diana was about to say something that was terribly important to her.

“Dennis, for the first time in years we’re not in debt. We have some money in the bank. Jobs are coming in regularly—even if they didn’t, the real estate in

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estments you've been making for the last couple of years are paying off—enough so we wouldn't have to worry.

"I want to have a baby, Dennis."

"Now?" he said, almost yelling in his surprise.

"I want a baby."

"But there's plenty of time for that. I want children, too, Di; you know that. But this isn't the time. If we take the time now—"

"It doesn't take that long to have a baby. We have enough money to carry us along."

"It isn't the money! Sure we have enough. But we haven't the time! Months away from the public, and we'll have to start all over again, from the bottom!"

He walked over to her, sat down on the couch beside her, took her in his arms and brushed her forehead with a light kiss. "Di, I love you. I want to give you everything you want. I want to make money for you so you can live the way you've dreamed of living since you were a kid. And we can do it. I can get you to the top. Once we're there we'll be able to do anything. Once we're on top we'll have time for all the other things."

"Don't you think I want children, too? Don't you think I want to drag out my life every time I meet an old friend, to show him a picture of the wife and kiddies? Don't you think I want a tyke as pretty as her mother or," Dennis smiled, "as handsome as his Old Man?"

"But not now, Di. This isn't the right time. It would just spoil everything. When we've made that million, then we'll be able to do whatever we want to. Don't you see, Di?"

So they took the house in Chelsea, and added the fish and the love birds and a waterfall that changed colors. And it paid off.

They have it all

At the beginning of 1955, the shrewd Mr. Hamilton decided that it was Hollywood Diana Dors had to conquer before she'd reach the dream she'd dreamed all her life.

For that she'd need a top film agent. The best in London, Al Parker, agreed to represent her, and the first result of the association was a marvelous contract with the RANK STUDIOS. And soon they had it all—the swimming pool and a magnificent new home to go with it, an airplane, yacht, new Rolls Royce, Cadillac, Jaguar, nine business companies, twenty-five real estate investments—and lots and lots of money. And one other thing: ever since they've known each other there's only one thing that they were more crazy about than making Diana a star—and that was each other. They had that too, that crazy crazy feeling for each other.

Nobody has known till now that a year ago Diana was going to have a baby. When our doctor told her, Di was too surprised—and happy—to believe it. Then Sir William Gilliatt, the Queen's obstetrician, confirmed it . . . and Di walked around in a daze with the happiness of it all coming true at last. Her own personal dream, the thing she really wanted. The blow fell when Diana lost the baby. She was terribly ill for three months. But she never complained. And she kept her tears for when nobody was around.

When she recovered, I began driving her on again, always searching for ways to make her a world star.

Diana made a few films for RANK that were tremendous successes, and one of them, *Blonde Sinner*, was considered just right for release in this country.

It wasn't more than a couple of weeks later that Dennis came bounding into their home, shouting "We've got it!" He picked

TAB'S MILLION-DOLLAR LOVE SONG



■ One of the hottest singers in the platter world today is Tab Hunter.

How did it all happen? How did an actor who's never sung a note in pictures sell two million platters of his very first recording?

Love gets much of the credit for Tab's million-dollar love song. He cut his record at the moment when he felt, for the first time in his life, the genuine stirring of love.

It all began several months ago when Tab was in Chicago making personal appearances with *The Burning Hills*. The screaming ovation 10,000 girls gave Tab after his first number got him a call from DOT RECORDS in California.

"I'm strictly a showerbath singer," he told them. "I don't want to make a record and be laughed at." But he finally agreed to make the record on one condition. "You must promise that if I don't like the way I sound, you won't release it."

DOT agreed to gamble the cost of the recording session, about \$5,000, on Tab.

At that time, Tab was going with the beautiful French actress, Etchika Choureau. Tab was gone on the girl and he saw everything through the hazy light of love.

"Why," replied Tab firmly, when asked what kind of song he wanted to record. "I want to do a love song. There's nothing like love."

That's how a new number called "Young Love" happened to be chosen over a rock 'n' roll tune that had originally been selected.

At the recording session, Tab was so nervous he opened his sport shirt and kicked off his shoes. He grinned shakily and muttered, "I'm just plain scared."

After fourteen hours of rehearsal, he stood before the mike, and began.

When the playback was turned on, Tab rushed from the room. "I can't bear to hear myself." But he peered through the glass booth at Randy Wood, the head of DOT RECORDS. When he saw Wood's face light up in a broad smile, he opened the door. "How'm I doing?" he grinned. Wood jumped up and grabbed his hand. "We've got a hit!" Only then did Tab sit down and listen to his record.

It was an instant click, and it hit the 1,000,000 mark in two weeks!

Tab's floating on air these days. He's just finished an album called "Tab Sings," and his fabulous success as a vocalist has opened a whole new career to him.

What made Tab's song such a quick click? "His voice is low and sexy," says one disc jockey. "He's got a commercial voice," explains Wood. Others describe it as a "healthily romantic style."

But a fan sums it up best of all. "Tab," wrote the girl, "you sing like a guy in love."

Tab will soon be seen in Warner Bros. Lafayette Escadrille.

the startled Mrs. Hamilton up and whirled her around at the same dizzying speed that had sent her head spinning on that moon-lit walk so many years ago.

"Parker got you a contract with RKO in Hollywood! I wouldn't let them put in any options, and RKO agreed! In a few months we're going to be on our way—to the biggest, richest, gaudiest film capital in the world!"

But there was something wrong. Diana wasn't laughing or hugging him or looking as if she cared at all.

"What's the matter, Di? Don't you realize what it means? We're there, what we've been working for. We've hit the top and now all we have to do is sit and watch the money roll in."

Quietly Diana looked at her husband. "When do we stop?" she asked.

"What?"

"Dennis, when do we stop. When do we stop scheming and working and knock-

ing ourselves out. And really start living?"

"What are you talking about? We never had it so good!"

"That's what I mean, Dennis. We have everything now . . . that money can buy," and like a cry in a desert of emptiness Diana asked, "when are we going to stop pushing; when are we going to start having children?"

Dennis looked at his wife as if he couldn't believe what he had just heard. "Di, you don't understand. The contract is the first step. A couple of pictures and you'll be famous throughout the whole world. Then we're there. Then we can sit back and relax and enjoy it and have children and take the time to watch them grow. But not yet. Not now."

I don't know. Even when I was talking to her, the words had a familiar ring. But I didn't realize that it was because I had said them so often to Di, each time we hit a new high—for us—and Di wanted to

take time out to rest, relax, enjoy the things we had worked so hard to get. And I'd want to push ahead, right away, while the iron was hot. It just didn't sink in, that I was pushing her too hard, that I was forgetting she was a woman with the wants and needs of every woman.

Who's Mr. Dors?

So they went to Hollywood.

"A lot more trouble started when we went to Hollywood," Diana said recently. "There nobody knew anything about Dennis. As far as they were concerned, he was just my husband. They labeled him as they label all film stars' husbands out there. He became *Mr. Dors*. I told them that he often earned more money than I did, and that he had big property interests at home. I explained that he was responsible for most of my success. But it was no good. And it was humiliating for him.

"And there was the swimming pool incident.

"One thing I'd like to make entirely clear to everybody is the facts regarding that dunking. Dennis gave the man who pushed me in the pool a jolly good hiding—because he considered it very bad manners to come to somebody's house, accept their hospitality, and then push the hostess in the pool just to get a good picture. Dennis would have laughed off the soaking he got, but when he saw me embarrassed and made to look a fool—just for a picture—it was too much for him. Particularly since I could have easily fractured my skull being pushed backwards into the water. Anyway, later we had an apology from the photographer and his employer.

"And just to help things," Diana went on, "I was always being misquoted. You can get very fed up with that. If I said I liked a Cadillac, next day the headlines would read *Dors says Cadillacs are superior to Rolls Royces*—or something of that sort. It was no good trying to get corrections made either. That only made things worse. But I got on very well with all the Hollywood gossip columnists—except for one. Don't misunderstand me—we made some wonderful friends—Louella Parsons and Cobina Wright—were particularly kind to us. But there

is one man whom I'd like to match blow for blow when I go back again next June!

"There were others things, too. All day, I'd be working and Dennis would have nothing to do. He'd loaf about the big house we bought in Beverly Hills, getting more and more depressed. And he spent a lot of frustrating time on the transatlantic telephone trying to keep his business affairs going in England. Then I'd get home at night, tired from all day at the studio, and naturally Dennis would want to go out and have a little fun.

The arguments start

"That began our arguments. Some nights he'd arrange a dinner party, or something like that. I'd come home tired and irritable and bawl him out for not asking me first. Well, Dennis got more and more bored with nothing to do. And I got more and more tired with working from six in the morning to eight at night."

You know the rest. First the rumors in the gossip columns, then Dennis leaving for England—alone. Diana lost fifteen pounds during the last couple of weeks shooting on her first American film. A property settlement was made. Her name was coupled with Rod Steiger's. Divorce. Then Diana returned home to England.

The next day, Dennis and Diana met for several hours. "Reconciliation?" asked the reporters. "No," Diana answered. "Dennis will continue to act as my business manager, that's all. As a business manager—well, there's no one like him. I'm grown up enough to realize that there must be thousands of girls in the world who have far more to offer in beauty and acting ability than I have. That's not modesty—just stating a fact. But talent is nowhere near enough. To succeed in show business you have to showcase all you have—and persuade people that what you have to sell is different. By making so many people conscious of me, Dennis made me a star."

Five years of a supremely happy marriage, one of the most amazing rags-to-riches stories—and now it was their unhappiness that was making the headlines.

That evening Dennis and Diana met again.

"Reconciliation?" asked the reporters the

next afternoon, catching them at lunch.

"It's too soon to tell," answered Dennis.

But within forty-eight hours after Diana was back in the same country with her Dennis, you didn't have to ask. You knew. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Hamilton were one again.

A new start

One sunny afternoon a couple of weeks ago they sat under a tree, looking at the water rippling on the swimming pool—their pool—and couldn't let go of each other's hand.

"Thank the Lord, Dennis and I have settled it all now," Diana smiled. "I don't know what I'd do without that man. He seems to sense when I'm feeling low or have had a bad day, and he doesn't leave me until he has me smiling again."

"The whole thing was my fault," Dennis added, holding Diana's hand a little tighter. "I wouldn't let my wife be a woman."

"All those rumors about her and Rod Steiger were ridiculous. She had never met Rod until they started work on *The Lady And The Prowler*, and then I drove her to work in the morning, picked her up for lunch, and collected her at the end of the day's shooting."

"Hollywood was just the place for her to make a big name. When Diana started getting homesick I wasn't patient with her. I was out to make a million pounds for us—and I forgot that Di didn't care about that any more. She was so tired at the end of the day that she would be fast asleep by nine o'clock. Stupidly I arranged extra interviews for her after she came home, tired out from the studio. I know now that I will never drive her so hard again. Now we've patched all up and it is possible to talk about it. I'm sure I've learned my lesson. It's what Di wants that I want to give her. It's just that . . . I didn't know her dreams had changed." Then there was a laugh to lighten the mood and Dennis added, "We'll have kids now just any time Di wants them!" **END**

Watch for Diana in Columbia's *The Lon Haul* and RKO's *I Married A Woman and Lady And The Prowler*.

thanks for the picture, susan

(Continued from page 53) You fell in love with Jess when both of you were just about half-way up the ladder to success. You bore him twin sons.

At first Jess's career was equal to yours. But acting is a funny business. Maybe he didn't have the right parts; maybe he wasn't ambitious enough. As the years passed, Jess found it more and more difficult to get work. So he stayed home.

Maybe you could have made it easier for him, Susan—by choking your own ambition a little. Maybe it wouldn't have made any difference. You won an Academy Award nomination for *Smash-Up*; his income dipped a little lower. You signed a new contract; Jess took the twins to the zoo.

In 1953 you were on top of the world.

And your marriage exploded in the sudden splash of your naked body into the swimming pool one midnight. It exploded in a sudden quarrel and a black eye—and charges and counter-charges, and months of spilling out your guts in court.

The newspapers carried all the details. And you sent your sons to a boarding school 'somewhere up the California coast' to protect them from being hurt.

And month after month you were alone—to think, to remember, to wonder why—

until you couldn't stand it any more. And there were the sleeping pills in the cabinet.

But you didn't escape the scandal, the talk, the slander—it just started all over again, bigger than ever. Because, though you took the sleeping pills, you didn't die.

No one will ever know what it cost you to face the press and the public when you left the hospital.

Every detail of the incident—the color of your pajamas (blue); the description of your discovery by detectives ("She was sprawled across the floor of her living room"); the word-by-word account of your first few hours in the hospital—had been spread across the newspaper headlines for three days to be devoured by hungry readers like the jam on their morning piece of toast. You knew that the reporters would be at the hospital but you didn't sneak out of some back alley to avoid them. Instead, you fixed your face, dressed yourself in a pink polka-dot dress, and faced them. When the wheelchair stopped at the exit, you bounced out of it smiling and said, "I feel wonderful, and I didn't lose any weight."

You had a wardrobe fitting scheduled at the studio for the next morning. It would have been easier to stay at home, but you didn't cancel the fitting. You walked into the office with your head high, paused for a moment, and threw out the words, "Good Morning" as you had al-

ways done. Then you turned around and walked slowly back to the fitting room.

I guess that's the answer Susan. The answer to how you lived through those last desperate years. Only once did you lose the courage that made you fight for what you wanted—your career, your children. And now, your happiness.

Nobody knows exactly what it was in you that made Floyd Eaton Chalkley look at you and—finally—decide to stride across the whispers and the warnings. He knew about you, who you were and what your life had been, long before he ever met you. And it must have been hard for him to blot out the picture that the scandals drew. Or maybe, being an attorney, he was used to looking behind the evidence to discover truth. And he was strong enough to have faith in the woman he loved.

That's why, Susan, we didn't mind a little not knowing the inside dope on this Hollywood romance—with the happy ending. We're glad you kept it secret until the love Floyd felt for you had time to grow and be strong enough to stand the glare of headlines repeating old tragedies.

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Chalkley.

Sincerely yours,

David Meyer

Susan's currently in Warners' *Top Secret Affair*. Watch for her soon in 20th Century-Fox's *The Sun Also Rises*.

LIVE LIKE A MOVIE STAR FOR 2 FUN-PACKED WEEKS

Marshall Thompson.

Steve Rowland.

Darren McGavin.

Bill Cord.

- Have a Date with a Handsome Actor in Hollywood
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Whether you want a glorious vacation or a chance for a career

...it CAN happen to YOU! Beverly Faye Robinson, 19 years old, the Lady Ellen Princess of 1956, says... "It really IS true...it actually can happen! I was a receptionist in Nashville, Tennessee. Ever since I was a little girl I've dreamed of visiting Hollywood. It seemed too big a dream, but I sat down and wrote a letter, telling my greatest wish. I'll NEVER forget the day a call came from Hollywood. Now, here I am, right in the midst of all the glamour and thrills of this exciting city, seeing places and meeting people I've read about all my life." YOU have JUST AS GOOD A CHANCE TO WIN! YOU can be the LADY ELLEN PRINCESS OF 1957!

1000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

Exquisite dresser sets
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IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Tell us your "greatest wish" in a letter written as if to a friend in your own way. Literary quality will not count. Just begin your letter, "My Greatest Wish is..." and complete your letter in 50 words or less. Then add one sentence, "I would like a date with..." and give the name of the star pictured above whom you'd like to date. Then purchase a 25 cent card* of LADY ELLEN Pin Curl Clips or Klippies at your neighborhood variety, drug or department store, beauty shop or food market. This card becomes your nomination ballot, so be sure to write your name and address on the back of the card and mail it together with your letter to:

LADY ELLEN PRINCESS, LOS ANGELES 51, CALIFORNIA

ASK YOUR FRIENDS and relatives to nominate you, too. With each nomination ballot submitted, you may send in another letter about your "Greatest Wish." (If you are nominating a deserving girl whom you know, simply print her name and address on the Lady Ellen merchandise card and write your greatest wish for her. Mail the ballot and letter to above address.) All girls and women of all ages may be nominated. (Any minor winning the Search for the Lady Ellen Princess will be accompanied by a chaperone, approved by parents or guardian, throughout her stay in Hollywood.)

All nomination ballots must be received on or before September 30, 1957. All winners will be notified by mail no later than December 31, 1957.

*Be sure to read complete information and rules printed on every Lady Ellen merchandise card.



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Beverly Faye Robinson,
Lady Ellen Princess of 1956

why jean peters disappeared

(Continued from page 61) her. And they will not discuss her, or her whereabouts or—most especially—her love life. They think it's better for all concerned to try to forget for a while that Jean Peters exists.

She was seen once on the street. The man who saw her was an old friend and he knew her, despite the fact that she wore shapeless clothes and—most incredible—a blonde wig. He knew her because "there's only one person in the world whose eyes are that unhappy. Jean Peters..." whose life is more like a mystery novel than anything else, whose story is one of the most carefully guarded secrets Hollywood has ever possessed—and never told.

Here is that story. It's complete. But it's only fair to say at this point that there is a man in this story whose name will not be given. If you know your Hollywood and its people, perhaps you'll recognize him at once. If you are baffled or disappointed, we apologize. But there is nothing we can do about it. The name cannot be given.

The mystery began in Hollywood, but the seeds were sown long before. They were sown in a small Ohio town when a bewildered eleven-year-old girl finally came out of a stupor of grief to face a world in which her beloved father no longer lived.

She was popular in high school and the class president invited her to the senior prom. She came home and told her mother about it without a flicker of interest.

"Honey," her mother said, "why, that's marvelous. We'll get you a new dress—something really special. What color would you like?"

"I don't know," Jean said. "I haven't thought about it."

"They're not the best"

Her mother sat down, folded her hands and looked at her daughter. "Jean, I don't understand you. Here you have a date with one of the nicest boys in town, and you don't turn a hair. Don't you like Ed? Isn't he nice?"

"He's nice," Jean said slowly. "Sure he is. They all are... all the boys are nice." Then suddenly, to her mother's surprise, she was down on her knees, holding the arm of her chair, talking urgently. "But I can't get excited about Ed, Mom. Or any of them. Look, they're not—they're not the best. Do you see that?"

"The best," Mrs. Peters echoed.

Her daughter shook her head, trying to find the words. "They're not special. There isn't one of them who does anything better than anyone else in the world. I can even beat them at half the things they do. Do you see? I—I don't care what it would be, Mom. But for me to get all excited about a boy—he'd have to do something best. Dig the best ditches, sweep the best streets, I don't care. But something." She straightened up. "Like Dad," she said softly. "He was the best. And I'm waiting for someone like him."

"They're all so dull"

When she graduated from high school, she went to college. The UNIVERSITY OF OHIO, because they had a good education department and she wanted to be a teacher. Nights from eight to ten anyone who wanted Miss Peters could locate her in the college library, behind the two highest stacks of books in the room. Reading. Taking notes. Studying. She was going to be the best teacher in Ohio. When the library closed she packed up her books and took them back to the dorm with her. At the hall desk, they'd give

eggheads had called. Freshmen and seniors. Once, rumor had it, a faculty member. It didn't matter who they were—they all called Jean. Most of them she turned down. Sometimes she'd accept a date with a little thrill of excitement—she'd heard about this boy—he was supposed to be quite something. Her roommate would wait up for her.

"Well?"

Jean would empty her evening bag, apply a brush to her hair. "Oh, he asked me to the game next week..."

"So?"

"I told him I was busy. Oh, why are they all so dull?"

featured in the
june issue of
modern screen
(on sale may 7)
terrific stories and
exciting pictures
of: **june allyson,**
lana turner,
elizabeth taylor,
eddie fisher,
kim novak, and
many others.
And introducing
to our readers—
the sensational
singer-actor,
harry belafonte
all this—and much
more—in the june
modern screen

The other girls didn't mind her being popular. Jean never took a boy completely out of circulation; one date or two, and she'd toss him back to the stag-line and the other girls. The longer she stayed in college, the fewer dates she accepted. When she had been there two years one of the girls remarked, "You know, Jean, they're going to vote you the prettiest girl on campus next month. Then you'll really be swamped..."

Jean's mouth dropped. "They couldn't. I'm not—"

"No, huh? Go take a look at yourself."

A contract and a trip

Jean looked, and her mouth set grimly. The next morning she came down to breakfast without a drop of make-up on, her hair pulled back behind her ears. That afternoon she went shopping. She bought three sweaters, two sizes too large, and a pair of baggy slacks. She wore nothing else for weeks.

But it didn't help. Someone sent her photo in to the judges, and they chose her Ohio's prettiest. The prize was a trip to Hollywood and a contract at 20TH CENTURY-FOX.

The dorm was a madhouse. "What are you going to do, Jean?"

"Do?" Jean said. "I'm going to take it, of course."

"But—you always said—"

"I always said I wanted to travel, didn't I? Goodness, do you realize how long it would take me to save up enough money to go all the way to California? I wouldn't miss this for the world..."

"But the contract—"

"Oh, that," Jean laughed happily. "When they shove me up in front of a camera with Gary Cooper and tell me to act, it won't be more than five minutes before they give me my return ticket. I'll be lucky if they don't ride me out of town on a rail..."

So she went to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, contest winners are a dime a dozen—on a good day. They gave Jean a hotel room, a tour of the city, a walk through the studio and a screen test with another unknown. She limped through it, agonized, wishing they'd let her go back to her sight-seeing. And the rest of her week was spoiled because every time the phone rang she was sure it was the studio calling, telling her to get out of town before anyone found out what a booboo they'd pulled, bringing her all the way here. But no one called. Finally, her heart in her mouth, Jean called. She supposed, she said, that the test had been reviewed and they had no further use for her; so if they'd just give her the return-trip ticket, she'd get back in time for the spring semester...

"Heavens, no!" they told her at the studio. "Why, no one's even seen your test yet. You mustn't leave town—you're under contract."

"Then give me some work to do," she said. "Give me a walk-on, or send me to acting school, or something. I don't want to just sit around here."

"Heavens, Miss Peters. You've only been here a few weeks. Now, you just settle back and pick up your check every Friday, and enjoy yourself."

Lonesome and bored

So she stayed. She took bus tours, and had the homes of the famous movie stars pointed out to her. She went out to Laguna Beach and perfected her back stroke, feeling somewhat out of place among all those mink-lined bathing suits. She went to the movies and to the theatre alone. She got lonesome and bored.

Finally she wrote her mother. *Dear Mom, I'm getting the creeps. No one here knows I exist. I miss you and school and everything. The heck with the money. I'm coming home...*

She bought her own ticket and got on the train for Ohio. Before she left, she decided, she'd telephone that man at 20TH—the nice one who had called once or twice to find out if she had everything she needed while she was in Hollywood. She thought she should let him know she was leaving. But she wasn't going to give him a chance to keep her from going; she called from the station. "Train's pulling out—got to go," she said, hanging up. She dashed down the platform, collapsed happily into a seat. In no time, she'd be back on the road to becoming the best.

school teacher in Ohio. But meanwhile that nice man back at the studio, the man who was to be such a good friend to Jean, hung up the phone and pushed his way past four secretaries to Darryl Zanuck's office. "Jean Peters is gone home!" he said. "Peters?" said Zanuck. "Who's Peters?" So they dragged her test out and showed it to him. And while the black and white figures still flickered vaguely on the projection-room screen, the voice of Darryl Zanuck was heard. "GET THAT GIRL OFF THAT TRAIN!" Halfway to Ohio, Jean Peters switched trains and was on her way back to Hollywood. They took her in to see Zanuck. "I hear you don't want to be an actress," he said. "I don't want to be anything," Jean said, "not unless I can be good—or better than good. And I don't know anything about acting." "Then let me tell you this," Zanuck leaned across the desk. "Acting is a job like any other job. You have a spark for it. But the rest is work. Do you know how to work?" "That," she said, "I do." "Then we'll make an actress out of you." That was 1947, before the mystery began. Jean attacked acting. And then came 1948, and Jean went to a party, and fell in love for the first time in her life.

paralyzed!

She didn't catch his name when they were introduced. If she had, it would have had a vaguely familiar ring. She noticed that his hair was graying slightly and his face was handsome and considerably stronger than the other handsome faces scattered through the room. And

he was definitely an older man. That was all she had time to notice, because before she had finished saying *how do you do* he had propelled her across the room, deposited her on a sofa and started telling her how bad an actress she was.

It brought Jean out of her polite smile like a bolt of lightning. "Now, just a minute. What do you mean, I'm no good?"

"I mean what I say. You have a talent, but you're using it all wrong. You—"

Her mouth was open, but she closed it carefully, wet her lips and said, "I never heard of such nerve in my life! Everybody tells me I'm very good. Everybody says—"

"There's one difference," he said calmly. "I'm telling you. And I know." He grinned. His face softened and his eyes smiled. "Why didn't you go to the premiere of your last one? I looked for you."

Maybe it was the smile. Maybe it was hypnotism. Jean said, dazed, "I don't know why, but I'll tell you the truth. I didn't have the nerve. I don't care very much what all those people think of me on the screen. But if they saw me in person—why, they'd take one look and they'd know how bad I am—you know?" She stopped. She shook her head. "What's got into me?"

The man was laughing. "Don't go away," he said. "I'll get us something to eat."

"Go away?" Jean muttered. "I can't move. I'm paralyzed!"

Powerful beyond belief

He got up and she watched him stride across the crowded room. She looked at his broad back and noticed that everyone, men and women, stepped automatically aside to let him pass. She turned to a woman sitting near her and asked, "Who is he? That man I was talking to. . . ."

The woman looked at her, startled. "Who is he? Good Lord, girl, where have you been all your life?"

So she told her. She told her his name. He produced movies. Controversial movies that everyone talked about. But if he never made another movie, he would still have been very, very rich. He owned factories. Stocks. Businesses. If the full extent of his many varied contributions to the national defense were known, he would be even more famous than any number of movies could make him.

He was athletic. A good dancer. Handsome, as anyone could see. Charming. School teacher in the whole state of Ohio. Powerful beyond belief.

Jean listened, her eyes still following the figure moving through the crush. The fact that he was rich made no impression. The fact that he was powerful meant nothing to her—she didn't understand power—then. But the list of this man's accomplishments—that was something else. "He seems to do a lot of things well, doesn't he?" she said.

"Well? He does almost anything better than anyone else. . . ."

Jean nodded, slowly. "Is he married?" she murmured.

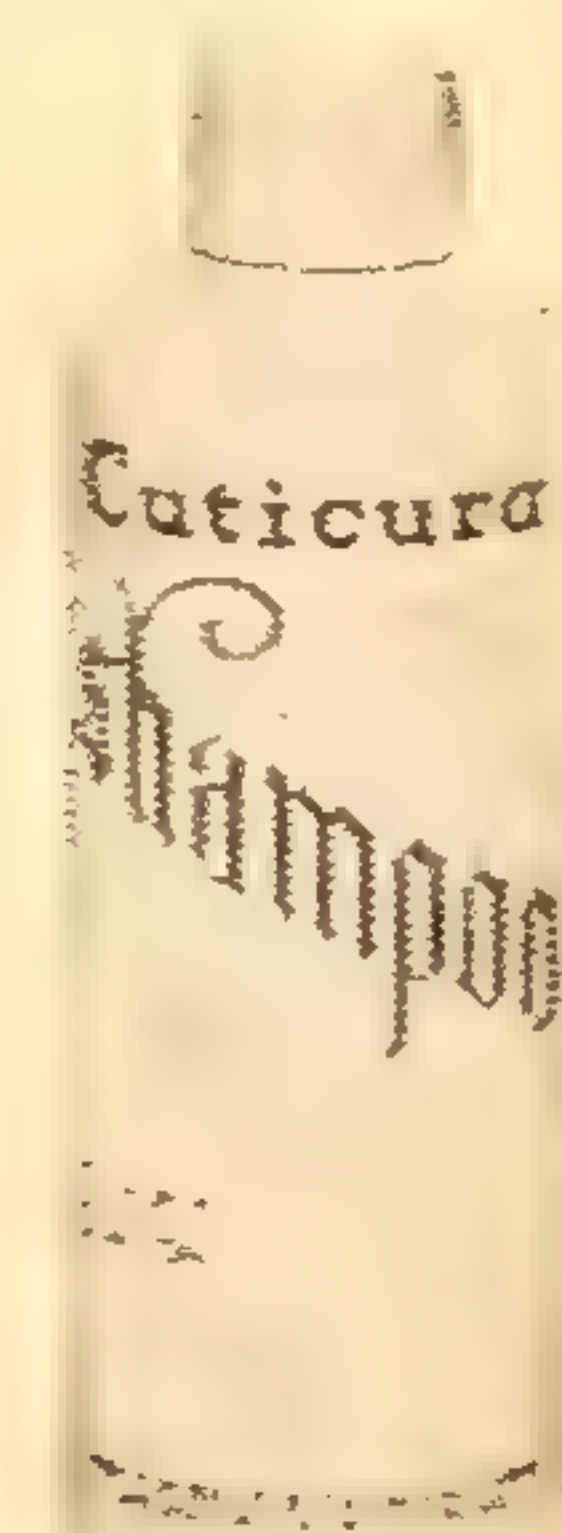
Her companion laughed suddenly. "Married? No. And that's the rub. Never will get married. Ask anyone. Ask—"

She reeled off a list of movie beauties, but Jean wasn't listening. In her mind she was composing a letter home. *Dear Mom—I met a man today. It's funny how he reminds me of Daddy, and yet I don't feel daughterly towards him at all. . . .*

Almost before he returned with the plate of cold cuts and a drink, Jean was in love with him.

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ALAN DALE'S special graduation

■ When Alan Dale was in his last year at DAVID A. BOODY JUNIOR HIGH in Brooklyn, he really had it made. He'd been voted the most popular boy, he was vice president of the student council, and everyone knew him as *the guy who sings real good*.

To Alan, Senior High appeared to be a cinch—like Junior High, only bigger, with even more chances for a guy to stand out—as long as he had something on the ball.

Alan was in for an awful let-down.

The trouble started with one person. His Senior High home-room teacher, Mr. Jones—that's not his right name—was just plain nasty. He picked on kids for no reason. He assigned loads of homework just before week ends and holidays. He did everything possible to make the boys and girls miserable.

At first Alan took it like the rest. He slumped in his seat, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. For a while it worked—he wasn't picked on.

Then one day his luck changed. He was walking through the halls, humming a tune, when someone grabbed him by the ear. It was Mr. Jones.

"Well, if it isn't Bing Crosby," the teacher said, still holding Alan by the ear. "Making a racket in the halls, disturbing all the classes."

"But there aren't any classes now," Alan answered. "It's between periods."

A few students who had stopped to watch laughed at Alan's answer. This infuriated Jones. He twisted Alan's ear even harder and dragged him to the dean's office.

This was the first of many trips Alan and Mr. Jones took to the dean.

At home, Alan's folks began to worry about him. He didn't eat, he barely talked, and worst of all, he stopped singing. Alan wouldn't tell them what was wrong.

To himself Alan kept saying, "Don't blow your top. Easy does it. Don't blow your top. Don't blow your top." Each week he would mark the calendar in his room—twenty more weeks to graduation, nineteen more weeks to go, eighteen more weeks.

And then it happened, three weeks before graduation.

A fellow in Alan's home-room started to giggle. It was contagious. Soon the entire room was rocking with laughter.

Jones ran up and down the aisles, shouting: "Order, order! Shut up! Shut up, all of you! Stop laughing at me! *Stop laughing at me!*"

That did it. Shocked silence. No one had been laughing at Jones. Shocked silence, except from the original giggler who couldn't muffle his hysterical laughter.

Suddenly, Jones muffled it for him. He struck him across the face with a ruler. Blood spurted from the student's cheek.

Alan rose in his seat, hands clenched. Jones pivoted to face him, ruler raised. Alan started towards the teacher. But then he heard his own voice saying: "Take it easy. Don't blow your top." Alan stopped, turned away, and left the home room—and Senior High—forever—or what he thought was forever . . .

A few years later Alan Dale was a famous radio, TV and night club personality. And the dean of Senior High, who was now one of his most fervent fans, invited him back to do a benefit. And Alan stood on the stage and listened to the cheers of the students in the auditorium . . . he had the funny feeling that this was more than a homecoming for him . . . it was his special graduation.

dozen times, it hits even harder. When the man you love is famous for many things, but most of all for the number of women who have loved him—a girl doesn't stand a chance.

And from the very beginning, Jean Peters was wildly, ecstatically, adoringly, blindly in love.

He called her the next day. "Will you have dinner with me?"

Jean didn't mince words. "I can't wait for dinner. What's the matter with lunch?"

He burst out laughing. Hearty, rich laughter. "I didn't think I could be surprised any more," he said. "Chalk one up for you. Sure, make it lunch. I'll send my car for you."

She hung up in a daze of happiness. She hardly noticed the oddity of it. "I'll send my car for you." Not "I'll call for you."

At quarter to one they called her from the lobby. "Miss Peters, your car is waiting."

She went downstairs. A uniformed chauffeur opened the door, helped her into the back of a black limousine. It was then that she realized that he hadn't come for her—she was being brought to him.

It was then that she entered the strange, unreal, almost unbelievable world of being the woman he loved.

She had known him two weeks when he asked her to stop her acting classes.

"I don't like your spending so much time at the studio. I want you where I can reach you . . ."

She looked at him, completely puzzled. "But honey, you have your work and I have mine. You know that. We—"

"I don't like it, Jean. Suppose I need you and you're in class?"

"Need me? Need me for what?"

"Just to be with you—isn't that enough? Sometimes I've wanted you so much at—at four o'clock in the afternoon. And where are you? Behind bars, practically. When I want to talk to you, or just look at you and know that you exist. Please, Jean . . ."

The next day she called the studio and told them she wanted to drop her classes. They didn't mind. Her name was beginning to pull box-office returns. They were satisfied.

A frightened Jean

She got a maid and sent her out to do the shopping and run the errands. Almost all the time when she wasn't at the studio she stayed home, waiting for the phone to ring. It always rang. Then they were together, laughing, dreaming, just being happy. Sometimes she got restless, wanted to take off on impulse, hike all over the beach the way she used to, alone. She didn't go. "He needs me," she whispered to her mirror. She felt warm, surrounded with love. It was enough. Months went by.

One night she called him. "I can't have dinner with you tonight after all, darling. I have to go to a premiere—the studio fixed up a date for me. Some new man they're trying to build."

"Tell them you can't go," he said.

"Now, look," she said. "Don't be like that. This isn't pleasure, it's business. I have to do it. I have to go to the premiere, and I have to go with this boy—whatever he is. It's like part of my job; I owe the studio *that*."

"You don't owe anyone anything," he said, "except me. And I won't have you going out with anyone else."

His voice frightened her. "I don't belong to you," she said. "My life is still my own. I'm going to the movie . . ."

Half an hour later the studio phoned. There had been a change in plans. Miss Peters' presence was no longer required at the premiere. They hoped she hadn't been inconvenienced.

"Inconvenienced?" she said. "Non-
sense. I'll be glad to go. I want to see
the movie anyway."

"No," the voice said hastily. "As a mat-
ter of fact, we'd rather you didn't
come . . ."

There was a click at the other end of
the phone. Jean stood there with the re-
ceiver in her hand. Then she dialed a
number.

He answered the phone.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Do you run
the whole world?"

There was a pause. "A little of it," he
said finally.

Jean bit her lips. "You scare me," she
whispered at last. "You scare me to
death."

"Oh, sweetheart," he said. "Don't. It's
just that—you do belong to me. Why do
you want to fight it so? And anyway,"
his voice was suddenly normal, real, filled
with laughter again, "you hate premières.
All those people waiting to find out how
busy you are . . ."

"I am not," she said. "I really have im-
proved. Haven't I?"

You belong to me

"You're wonderful," he said. "And I
love you. And you belong to me." At those
words, her heart started hammering—you
belong to me, he had said. "Everything all
right?" he asked.

Jean giggled helplessly. "I guess it'll
have to be," she said.

She put down the phone, then picked it
up again. She called her friend at the
studio. "Don't tell anyone," she said, "but
think I'm sort of unofficially engaged."

At dinner that night he told her that he
was going to be away for ten days—a busi-
ness trip.

"Perfect," Jean said. "I'll come too."

He put down his knife and stared at her.

"Now, what kind of a thing is that to say?
People would talk . . ."

"Don't be silly," she said. "We'll get
married the day before we leave. The
studio doesn't need me for weeks. We
might as well make it now as later."

Then she looked at him. "What is it?"

Not engaged, never to marry

"I feel," he said, "like something out of
a second-rate magazine story. Where the
girl says, 'Now that we're engaged, we'll
do thus-and-such,' and the boy says, 'But
darling, we're not engaged . . .'"

"But darling," Jean said, "we *are* en-
gaged." Her smile grew a little set. "We
are—"

"No," he interrupted, "we aren't."

He began to speak fast, words tumbling
out. "Jean, a man doesn't get to be my
age—to be over forty—without getting
married unless—unless there's some sort
of reason. Maybe I'm afraid of marriage—I
don't know . . . something. It isn't just as
easy as getting a license and a minister.
It's complicated. It's—"

"You said you loved me. Was it true?"

"I never lie. Especially to you. I do
love you."

"Then why?" she asked. "I don't un-
derstand. Why?"

"I don't know," he said. "Before God,
I don't know, Jean."

They sat in silence for a few minutes.
Suddenly he raised his head. "Look," he
said, "we're behaving like a pair of charac-
ters. Give me a while, Jean. We hardly
know each other yet, anyway. Maybe—
by the time I'm ready to elope you'll have
found fourteen other men you like better.
Right? Come on," he teased. "Smile."

Jean raised her eyes from the plate. Her
voice was dead. "I don't know what to
do," she whispered. "I don't know what
to do."

She did the only thing she could do. She
waited. She told her friend she wasn't
engaged after all, and refused to explain.
Alone at night she cried, but in the morn-
ing her eyes were dry and her voice was
bright when he called. He wanted her
to make fewer movies. So she turned down
parts. In the long hours when he was
away, she sewed. They voted her Holly-
wood's best-dressed woman, never dream-
ing that she made all her outfits herself.

She made drapes, upholstered two chairs
and wallpapered three rooms herself.
When the phone rang, she ran to answer
it. For a long time her eyes were bright
with hope. But gradually, the hope began
to fade. The list of women who had loved
her man—and had not married him—was
no joke now. It haunted her.

When hope was gone, she tried to break
away. She went back to the acting
classes. She gave interviews. She begged
the studio for more work. She picked
quarrels, made scenes. "I'm tired of be-
ing called for by a chauffeur," she told
him. "I'm not a parcel, to be delivered.
Why can't you call for me like every-
body else?"

"If I were like everybody else you
wouldn't love me. Right?"

"Right," she said.

From time to time she went out with
other men. "You can't stop me," she told
him. "You haven't any right." She dated
actors, Bob Wagner among them.

He didn't stop her. He didn't have to.
She stopped herself. There was no one
else. She thought there never would be.

Nothing was right

Sometimes she thought she had talked
herself out of it. Told herself that she
couldn't love a man who didn't want to
get married, that she no longer loved him.
Then she would have dinner with him, tell



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him what happened that day on the set.

"One of the assistant directors was so upset. His wife is due to have her first baby any day now, and the hospitals are so crowded and he can't get her into any place he can afford."

He pulled a card out of his pocket, scribbled on it. "When the time comes, have him call this number. Don't tell him who sent it."

Three days later the assistant director was at her side, stuttering with excitement. "Miss Peters, I don't know how you arranged it, but I'll be grateful to you all my life. Annie called the number and an ambulance with a doctor in it was there in ten minutes. They drove her to some private hospital miles out of town, and she has a big room and nurses—and you'd think the place was a florist shop. And the baby's fine. A boy. I can't tell you how—"

"I didn't do anything," Jean said. "I'm glad she's fine." Then she went into her dressing room and shut the door and cried—because she was in love with a man who was everything in the world she had ever wanted, and still nothing was right.

And the days went by, and became long, long months.

When the studio told her they were going to send her to Italy for *Three Coins In The Fountain*, they were obviously nervous. Would she leave Hollywood for such a long time? Or would she turn it down? They needn't have worried. Jean clutched at that trip like a drowning man to a straw.

That evening, over a drink, she told him, "I'm going. I'm going the way parents used to send their daughters to Europe to get over an unfortunate love affair. That's us, honey. Unfortunate. But this will give us time to think things out. Maybe you'll change your mind."

"And if not?"

"And if not," she said steadily, "I hope that by the time I come back, I will have forgotten that you exist."

So young... so normal

So she went to Rome, city of lovers, and made a movie about people in love. And she told herself that she was getting along fine on her own, and didn't need him at all. Or miss him. And then she grinned ruefully, because she was such a liar.

When the day came to return to Hollywood she packed her bags with trembling fingers, hands shaking with excitement. At the Italian customs desk she handed over her luggage, came back half an hour later to claim it, completely lost in thought, impatient for the plane to take off. A lot depended, she told herself, on who met her when she landed in Hollywood—if he met her or sent a chauffeur. If he sent the chauffeur—She came back to life to hear an Italian accent repeating her name.

"Mees Peters, Mees Peters. An accident—so sorry. Your luggage is somehow confused with that of this gentleman—"

What gentleman? She turned and looked up into a tanned, blond-topped young face smiling down at her.

"Ah'm the gentleman, ma'am," he said apologetically. "Seems they got mah luggage going to Hollywood with you, and your suitcases off to Paris with me."

Jean started to laugh. "They won't do you much good, I'm afraid..."

They made conversation while officials scurried about fixing things. He turned out to be Stuart Cramer, young oil man of whom Jean had never heard. She turned out to be Jean Peters, whom, after an agonized minute of embarrassment, he remembered from *Captain From Castile*. His Texas accent intrigued her; everything about her obviously interested him. When the baggage was located and exchanged for her, she asked for her Hollywood phone number.

Jean looked at him. He was about her own age, but after the past months he seemed very young, very—normal. She laughed and gave her number. "It won't do you much good," she added.

He didn't know what she meant. "Oh, it may," he drawled. "Texas isn't that far from Hollywood, you know."

On the plane, she forgot all about him. She was tense with anticipation when she landed in America. Her eyes scanned the crowd at the gates. She couldn't see him, but that didn't mean he wasn't there. He might be behind the barrier, over there—

He was. Tall and handsome, moving quickly to meet her, to take her in his arms. She felt as if she had come home.

But in a matter of days she knew she had come back to nothing. There had been no change. "Status quo, honey," he told her. "I'm sorry—believe me I am. But I just can't see my way clear to getting married now."

And the last little traces of hope left her, forever.

Two choices

In her room that night, Jean faced her future. She had two choices, clear and distinct. Break off with him for good. Pick up her life where she had left it that day at the party. Live like—like people again. Or—see him every day. Have the knowledge, never doubted, of his love. Have the knowledge that there was not,

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and never would be, a Mr. and Mrs. future for them. Live in a shadow-world for the rest of her life.

She moved restlessly from side to side all night.

At eight the next morning the phone rang. "Long distance calling Miss Jean Petahs," the operator said.

"Go ahead," Jean said.

"Hello!" The voice bounced across the country. "Miss Peters? Jean? You theah?" Jean woke up a little. "Yes, I'm here. Who is this?"

"Well, now," the voice mourned, "Ah thought sure you'd remember me. This is Cramer, Stuart Cramer; the man with the baggage. Remember?"

"Oh, yes," Jean said.

"Well, Ah got back a little early from Paris, see. And Ah have a day or two to mahself before Ah get down to work. Ah wondered if you'd show me around Hollywood a little if Ah were to come—"

Jean sat up in bed. "I remember you," she said slowly. "Of course." Suddenly her voice quickened. "Mr. Cramer, what do you do for a living?"

"Do?" he said, bewildered. "Why, Ah'm in the oil business."

"Yes. I remember. Do you—are you a

—a tycoon? I mean—are you a very special, dynamic sort of man? Do you make and break fortunes, that sort of thing?”

There was a long silence. Finally, “Well, Ah would say, no, not at all. Ah mean—’s a kind of queer question to spring on man at eight o’clock in the mawning . . . Ah would say Ah’m just a small fish—Ah’m not even very fond of oil, been thinking of doing something else, but Ah can’t make up mah mind quite what. Ah’m a pretty normal type, Ah guess. Why?”

“Never mind why,” Jean murmured. Do come, Mr. Cramer. I’ll—show you all over the studio. I’ll be glad to. I’ll have lots of time.”

Help me—stay away”

She put down the phone, reached for paper and a pen. She stared at it for a long time. Then she started to write.

Darling,
I don’t know how to tell you this—but I want to break it off. Completely. I haven’t met fourteen new men—just one, but he’s enough. I know this isn’t going to be easy. Please help me. Please don’t phone or come over or try to see me. It would be the kindest thing you could do, just to stay away.

Jean.

She was going to write Love, but she couldn’t.

A year later, in May of 1954, she married Stuart.

They had called her Hollywood’s mysterious woman for years by then, during the long time when she was at home to no one but the man she loved, who couldn’t marry her. Now they called her the greatest enigma since Garbo.

Stuart couldn’t understand her either. “Honey, what are you doin’? It took you all these years to build up a little investment in property in LA—why are you giving it away? You might want it someday, sweetie.”

“I want to make a clean break,” Jean said. All through the year with Stuart she had held herself tense. She had written home to her mother, *he’s wonderful—so nice and easy and calm to be with. All these years I thought I wanted something else. I was wrong. I know that now.*

All this year she had told herself that, over and over, battling down her old longings. All this year she had walked with eyes straight ahead, lest a familiar limousine should come into view, lest she should see a certain face at a party. She had been lucky. The encounters had been few. From mutual friends she learned that it was as hard on him as it had been on her. But there was no word from him; he had done as she asked.

Relax, feel free

But now she was getting married, and she didn’t want to walk tensely any more. She wanted to relax, to feel free, to know in her heart that she was right. She wanted to leave Hollywood for good. And she couldn’t tell Stuart why. She couldn’t quite admit it to herself.

So she said, “I don’t want to be a movie star any more. It’ll be bad for our marriage. I just want to be your wife. That’ll be more than enough.”

So Stuart smiled and watched, and she gave her Los Angeles property to her mother, and her jewelry to an aunt, and her evening clothes to the girl down the block, because she wouldn’t be needing that sort of thing much any more.

And on a May morning, in Washington, D.C., wearing an organdy dress and holding a bunch of rosebuds, she was married, and set off on her honeymoon tour of the Cramers’ southern relatives.

It was then that she found out she had run and run, and hadn’t gotten away at all.



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That she had married a nice boy—and she was still in love with another man. That she had added to her private agony an extra load of sorrow and guilt.

A month after their marriage, the first separation rumors were mentioned in Hollywood. Another month passed, and the rumors became more insistent. Both Stuart and Jean tried to see their problems dispassionately.

"Maybe," Stuart suggested, "the trouble is your giving up everything too fast. That clean break you wanted wasn't such a hot idea. Why don't you go back for a while, make that movie they've been writing you about . . ."

"A Man Called Peter," Jean said. "It is a good script . . ."

"That's it, honey. Try it. It'll give us a chance to think things out."

Suddenly she kissed him. "Oh Stuart, I will try. I'll go back for a while. Maybe it will help."

But when the picture was over, she walked onto the set for the cast party, and there he was. She knew him just from seeing the curve of his broad back, bent slightly to talk to a woman.

She ran. Where, no one knows. For two weeks, no one knew where Jean Peters was. But at the end of that time she walked into the office of the man she loved and stood before his desk, and said "I've come back."

"On your terms"

She sat down. "I tried to run away, and I can't. All I've done is hurt Stuart, and he doesn't deserve it. I'm going to get a divorce, and come back to Hollywood to live. I want to be with you. On your terms. I don't care. I can't help it."

Months later, one man saw her. He had been trying to reach her for days to discuss publicity plans—her old friend from the studio. He couldn't find her, but somehow Jean heard about his search for her. And one day she showed up in his office, sitting

quietly, ready to discuss whatever was on his mind.

When they had spoken for twenty minutes, he stood up. "Blast it, Jean, I've got an appointment. Have dinner with me tonight, will you? We'll finish up then."

She looked up, startled. "Dinner?" Her lips tightened. "I will," she said suddenly. "He hasn't got any right to object."

"He?" her friend demanded. "Who's he?"

To his horror, Jean began to cry. She stood up, turned her back while the sobs racked her. When she turned around again to where her friend stood, embarrassed, she managed a smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "Sometimes I feel so tense—I feel as if I can't take it anymore. Never mind. Forget about dinner. I'd better not."

She left the office. Out of curiosity, he went to his window and looked out. A minute later he saw her stop on the steps of the building. Almost at once, a limousine drew up. A man in a uniform got out and opened the door.

Jean stood there for a second. She raised her head and half turned, and the man watching thought for a moment that she wasn't going to get in. Then, quickly, she bowed her head and disappeared into the car.

For a long time, now, Jean Peters' studio and friends have been unable to locate her. Where she is living, they do not know. There are those who say she has been kidnapped. There are those who say that she is secretly, actually married to him, but that no one is to know about it. Some say she is in a sanitarium, trying desperately to find again the will to live that she was robbed of—by a love that imprisoned her. And there are those who say that she is only following her heart, no matter where it leads her.

A strange, lonely figure, moving back into her world of shadows, living Hollywood's strangest story. **END**

I was wild and weak

(Continued from page 50) were proud of it.

We tossed the word around the pool hall the next day. We were big shots, drunk with a crazy idea of our own importance. Even high-class people, we figured, had considered us important enough to give us a fancy name.

I think the first time I realized I was on my way to a future full of zeros was the day they brought Curly Brodson home to his mother. He had been thinking about a little excitement—like hopping a freight train in the railroad yard.

He was a big strong kid, one of our gang. He was smart, too. And tough.

But it was a bad day for Curly. And the beginning of a new life for him. A life with only one leg.

I watched his mother when they brought him home. She used to work all day and half the night sewing to earn enough money to keep Curly from going hungry. The neighbors used to say that she was a wonderful mother. A woman who lost her husband in a truck accident when Curly was six. We didn't see her much. She worked most of the time. But when we did see her, she always had a smile for Curly's friends.

There was no smile on her now. She knelt beside Curly's unconscious body, kissing his face hysterically, while she sobbed and cried. I can still hear the sound, and I'll never forget the desperate look of misery in her eyes.

I couldn't take it any longer, so I left

Walking home one thought kept running through my head, *it could have been me.*

Back with the rat pack

Curly's tragic accident should have hit me hard. But as the days went by I was soon back in the routine of hunting with the rat pack. Who wants to remember unhappiness when you're fifteen?

But I wonder about it now. Wonder what happened around me and inside me that steered me so wrong.

I had always gotten all the affection and understanding a mother and father could give, even when we lived in the coal-mining town where I was born, Nanticoke, Pa. My father was a miner. So was his brother. The day my uncle was killed in a shaft accident, my father set his lips in a straight line until he and his family were miles from Nanticoke, but stranded and penniless on the streets of Jersey City.

Luck came along in a job for dad as caretaker of an apartment house, free rent and \$30 a month. It was a good neighborhood, quiet and respectable.

Too quiet. Too respectable. As I got older I wandered farther and farther from the house. I was never home; I never studied. My brother, as far back as I can remember, wanted to be a doctor. And he always took time from his books to try and teach me the importance of preparing for when you're grown up. But I never listened to him.

In my first year of high school Andy told me, "Nick, you're going to have to decide what you want to do. Start thinking about it. You and that bunch you hang out with think life is some kind of a

special circus that will never leave town." I pretended to listen, but when my mother was through talking, I went back to the Sunday comics. Andy went back to his book on anatomy.

My father would look at me and say, "Nick you know Andy is right, don't you?" And I'd say, "Yes, yes, dad, I'll start pretty soon."

Then my mother would say, "Nick will be happy. He doesn't know how or when where. And neither do we. But it will come to him."

Her faith in my future wasn't shared by the two men in the family.

They knew the pool hall was the center of my world.

Gang looks for excitement

At sixteen I was just about ready to shake hands with crime. We all were. Hitch-hiking, street-games and snowballs weren't enough any more. We never had any money. But until now it hadn't mattered. Suddenly everything we did seemed like kid stuff. We realized that the older you got the more money you needed. So, much as I hated to, I went to work.

First I got a job in a suit-case factory. Every Friday night I got eleven dollars. Saturday morning I was broke. I quit and ap-frogged from job to job.

I couldn't stay on a job, but I stayed with the gang.

I hated my jobs, hated never having money.

"Before I got involved in the TV series, *Broken Arrow*," says John Lupton, "I used to room with Fess Parker and a Texas friend of his named Texas Bob. It seems all Texans visiting Hollywood had heard of our place, and they were always coming around. Most of them were big and tall like Fess, who's six-foot-four. And although I'm almost six feet myself, they would always pat me on the head and say, 'Come along, little feller.'"

Paul Denis

I was looking for excitement. The whole thing was.

And, unfortunately, we knew just the guy who could help us find it.

Let's call him Zip Mullen. He was about twenty-two. He had a big mouth, beady eyes, a sneer that lived on his face, a black hat, black suit, black shirt and white tie. He was the nearest thing to a live gangster we knew. He always had money, plenty of it. And we thought he was the greatest!

One day we stood around the pool room, watching him chew on a tooth-pick while he hefted the cue-sticks.

He caught us staring at him, then said, "You guys doin' anything special tanite?" We shook our heads. "Not a thing, Zip," answered.

He looked to the left and right. Then he winked. "May have a little action for ya. Pick around." Then he began knocking balls around one of the tables.

The four of us bunched up in a corner, excited, trying to figure out what Zip had planned for us.

I was looking through the doorway over Butzi's shoulder when my brother came in. When I saw him I tried to hide behind one of the tables, but Andy's sharp eyes spotted me.

"Nick," he said, "come on. You're leaving." He took my jacket off a clothes hook, handed it to me and waited.

My face got red. My own brother was embarrassing me before my friends. And in front of Zip! I turned my back on my brother and said, "I'm not going any place."

"You're coming if I have to carry you, Nick." Andy's voice was low. I knew he meant what he said.

Then I noticed Zip very casually putting the cue-stick back on the rack. He walked over to Andy and brushed an imaginary speck from the lapel of his suit. He looked up at Andy and said, "The kid doesn't want to go, big brother, so why don't you drag?"

Andy didn't even look at him. "Come on, Nick. I said we're going."

A nasty frown crossed Zip's face. He had been ignored, insulted by a square.

A blur

Suddenly I had a frightened feeling in the pit of my stomach. I knew Zip's reputation. He was mean, a veteran of a hundred bloody street-fights. He knew every dirty trick in the book. Andy wouldn't have a chance.

I had just about decided to go with my brother when Zip reached out and grabbed Andy by his jacket.

What happened then happened so fast it was only a blur. Andy's right fist shot out, driving deep into Zip's middle. As Zip doubled over, Andy's left came like lightning to Zip's jaw. And the next thing we knew Zip was flying backward so hard his body splintered two chairs and a glass partition. And he just lay there on the floor. Zip was out cold.

For a moment I couldn't believe my eyes. My square brother had clobbered the toughest man I knew with two blows. The rest of the gang stared at the unconscious Zip. Andy wasn't even breathing hard.

"You coming, Nick?" I put on my jacket and we left.

Neither of us spoke. By the time we reached the front door I felt two emotions. Shame and pride. Shame for myself and pride in my brother.

But it wasn't till about a month later that it hit me—what I had become. My father had hurt his back and the doctors told him he couldn't work any more.

Sure it was too bad, but I couldn't figure why everyone was in such a blue funk. Then Mom told me, "Your brother's not going to medical school."

No one could count on Nick

Knowing how my parents and Andy had worked and planned for those years of study, I couldn't figure it. "He doesn't think he can leave you as the head of the family," Mom said, starting to cry. "Don't you see, Nick, with your father laid up—and the work in the apartment house, Andy won't go."

I don't know what came over me, but I think it was a kind of anger. Because suddenly it hit me what I had become.

A juvenile delinquent! Of no value to anyone, not even myself. I was a nothing. I was irresponsible. Nobody could count on me!

I sat up all night, looking out the window at the quiet street, despising myself.

When I came out to breakfast Andy was drinking coffee. "What's the matter with you?" he asked me. "You look awful!"

"You can go to college, Andy," I answered. "I will take care of things."

I'll never forget the look of hope that lit up my brother's face.

Mom got a job assembling electronic parts, Dad did what he could in the house and I did the rest. I finished school. I still didn't keep the same job very long, but I did work so Andy could be what he'd dreamed of and worked toward since he was a kid.

And then my own life suddenly found direction. It was a hot day, a couple of months after I'd gotten through school. I took a bus ride to New York City. I walked into a book store, figuring it would be cooler than the shimmering streets.



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As I passed the section with books of the theatre and drama, I laughed at the thought of me appearing on the stage.

Then from out of nowhere a customer walked up and asked me if I was an actor. For kicks I said, "Yes, why?"

"I think you fit a part I just tried for and missed," he said. "The auditions are at CARNEGIE HALL if you want the role."

I'd been to New York before; the sight I'd seen already, so I figured *why not* just for kicks.

The impossible comes true

When I got to CARNEGIE, I went to a tall, high-cheekboned man who looked like he was in charge. He wasn't, but when I asked, "Where do I audition?" he pointed to the other side of the room. "Over there. You an actor?"

"Sure," I answered.

He laughed. "You don't look like an actor. What's your name?"

"Nick Adamschock. What's yours?"

"Jack Palance," he said. We shook hands. And he got me a walk-on part in the play.

For the next two years I had the bug. I played little theatres and studied drama night and day.

In 1952 I hitch-hiked to Hollywood. I worked as a fry cook, parking lot attendant, busboy. You name it, I did it. My first real job of acting was in a PEPSI-COLA commercial for television. Ten boys, ten girls. I became friends with one of the guys. His name was Jimmy Dean.

Finally, after a year and a half, I got into the movies—as an usher.

It was on this job as usher that I committed my last act as a 'delinquent.'

One afternoon the theatre manager told me to get the big sign up on the marquee—the one that said *Major Studio Preview Tonight*. I decided to add a little something extra. I got a bunch of two-foot cardboard letters and stapled them to the banner. Then I hung it so it could be seen only from the street, not from inside the theatre.

At 8:30 p.m. the movie stars began arriving, the biggest stars in town.

About a half hour before the movie was over, the manager went to the drugstore for a cup of coffee. On the way back, I saw the sign—*Major Preview Tonight Starring Nick Adams*. He hot-footed over to me and yelled, "As soon as you take the sign down, you're fired!"

No job . . . no hope

I was high on the ladder, unhooking the only fame I'd ever really known, when the audience started coming out of the theatre. The stars were sparkling at my feet, the actresses beautiful and gay, the actors so well-known, so well-fed, so sure of success. I looked down at them from the top of the ladder and felt small.

I had no job, no hope.

I was a nothing, still.

That night I went back to my shabby furnished room. And started wondering what for. What was the use in finishing your work, in starving for it, if that ambition for a good life only brought failure . . . and wanting. Never getting just wanting. Zip was probably having a ball—and I didn't have next week's release.

But three months later I got a small part in *Mr. Roberts*. Then *Picnic* came along and *Strange Adventure*, *Our Miss Brooks*, *The Last Wagon*, *Fury At Showdown*.

And Curly's living his life with one body and Zip's body was fished out of the deep a couple of months ago. But my brother became a doctor last year. And I? I have a chance to be somebody, too. I'll try hard and hope hard. They are both things for a man to do.

Nick can soon be seen in Warner Bros. *No Time For Sergeants*. Watch for him in *The Last Wagon*.

not ashamed

(continued from page 38) immortality? All the Oscars in the world could out-h that.

ad, almost, she lost her mind.

was in March, 1949, that Ingrid man left her husband and child at e in Hollywood and joined Roberto ellini on Stromboli to make a movie t love and violence on that volcanic d. It was in May of that year that wrote home to her husband and asked for a divorce.

ter Lindstrom refused to divorce her. id applied, by mail, for a Mexican rce. The divorce decree arrived in for her to marry Roberto on May 1950. But on February 3, four months er, she had given birth to Roberto's Robertino, and the fury of an out- d world had fallen upon her head.

he news had been published in Decem- by Louella Parsons. Louella had been od friend of Ingrid's in Hollywood, as a newspaperwoman it was her

James Mason was at a party where e met Jayne Meadows and heard t was her birthday. Mason took ut his handkerchief which had the ame monogram as hers—J.M.— and gave it to her as a birthday gift . . . Rex Harrison was there, oo. Mason noticed Harrison's hirt with its "R.H." monogram, and told him: "You're lucky this sn't Rita Hayworth's birthday."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

and her duty to report the news. id knew that. She felt no bitterness rd Louella. "But I don't know who her about it," is all she would say. d I never want to know."

hen the word was out, she became a oner in the apartment she and Ro- o shared in Rome. During her eighth ninth months of pregnancy she never e left the house because of the news- and photographers who kept a twen- our-hour guard at her door, every Once Roberto came in to tell her by some miracle there was no one e. He would get the car; Ingrid dld put on her coat and come down- s. They would go for a drive in the try.

camera shoved in her face

grid tied a scarf around her hair and t downstairs to wait for the car. Then an stepped out from behind a wall shoved a camera in her face. She t into tears, ran from the lobby. ase," she begged, "please . . ." But he what he was after—a picture of a tor- d woman, pregnant, hiding her face er hands, weeping. One newspaper ed it with a simple caption: *Is she or she?*

he never tried to go out again, until ight she *had* to go out—to the hospi- She was put to bed and two hours she heard the mob outside the hos- . She heard the screams as a re- er tried to climb the walls of the nds, and failed. She heard the ech of breaks and the sounds of shots, as she struggled to bring her son the world, the nuns told her that police had come.

ere was no joy in birth for Ingrid. hours after Robertino was born he broke into the hallways and corri- of the clinic. Newsmen ran through hospital, hunting her. Nuns in their black habits chased them through

the hallways, physically stopped them from breaking into the room where she lay. It was a scene from a nightmare.

The police sent two armed guards to stand before her door. They told her to keep the lights on at all times, that she must not open the windows. Across the street one group had mounted cameras with telescopic lenses, trained on her rooms. She was denied the sight of the sun and the sky.

If they wanted to drive her mad, they came very close. It was two months before she dared to take her child into the street. It was years before she could bring herself to look upon anyone who was not of her own family with anything but horror and fear.

If she had sinned, she had suffered for it.

A new life for Ingrid

Now she had to construct a new life. She had to save her new marriage. She had to rebuild her career. And above all, she had to insure that Robertino and the two little twin girls she gave birth to in 1952 would never—like Pia—have cause to say, "I do not love my mother . . ."

It was then that she realized the big mistake she made in her first marriage—she permitted Peter Lindstrom to tell her that no matter where Ingrid's acting took her Pia must remain in one place, go to one school, live in one house. "But I want her with me," she had said then. "I want my baby . . ."

"Ingrid, we must think of her, and not of us. A child must have security. She must not be dragged about with constant changes of scene, never knowing from one day to the next where she will be. She must have security. Do you agree?"

She had to agree. And so, during their first years in America when her husband decided to give up dentistry and study medicine, she agreed that she would leave him and Pia in Rochester and travel alone across the country to Hollywood whenever she had a picture to do.

Pia felt constantly abandoned by her mother.

And then, when Ingrid left her home for Roberto, to nine-year-old Pia it was only another of her mother's desertions of her—only this one was to last forever. No, she told the kindly judge who was to decide whether to send the child to Italy for a vacation with her mother—or keep her at home, *she did not want to visit her mother. She hardly knew her mother.*

And if it sounded like she had been carefully coached by her still embittered father, only a few had the courage to say so. Only a few whispered that Lindstrom had no right to call his former wife an unfit mother and deprive her of her child.

And in Rome Ingrid wept, "Other people get divorces like sensible persons and stay friends. Why must I lose my child?"

But in those months of tortured hiding, with nothing to do but think, she found the answer. And determined that she would not lose her new family that way.

"Security is a person"

In the course of reconstructing her career in these past seven years, Ingrid has had to do a lot of travelling. But wherever she goes, her children go with her. They run in and out of hotel rooms, pushing buttons, opening doors, exploring the place from top to bottom. When they are in one place long enough to make friends, they do, easily and quickly. When they are not—there are three of them; they have each other, as well as their parents, constantly. Their father, as Italian men do, adores his brood, considers no duty to be performed

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Mary Ann Blum, R.N.



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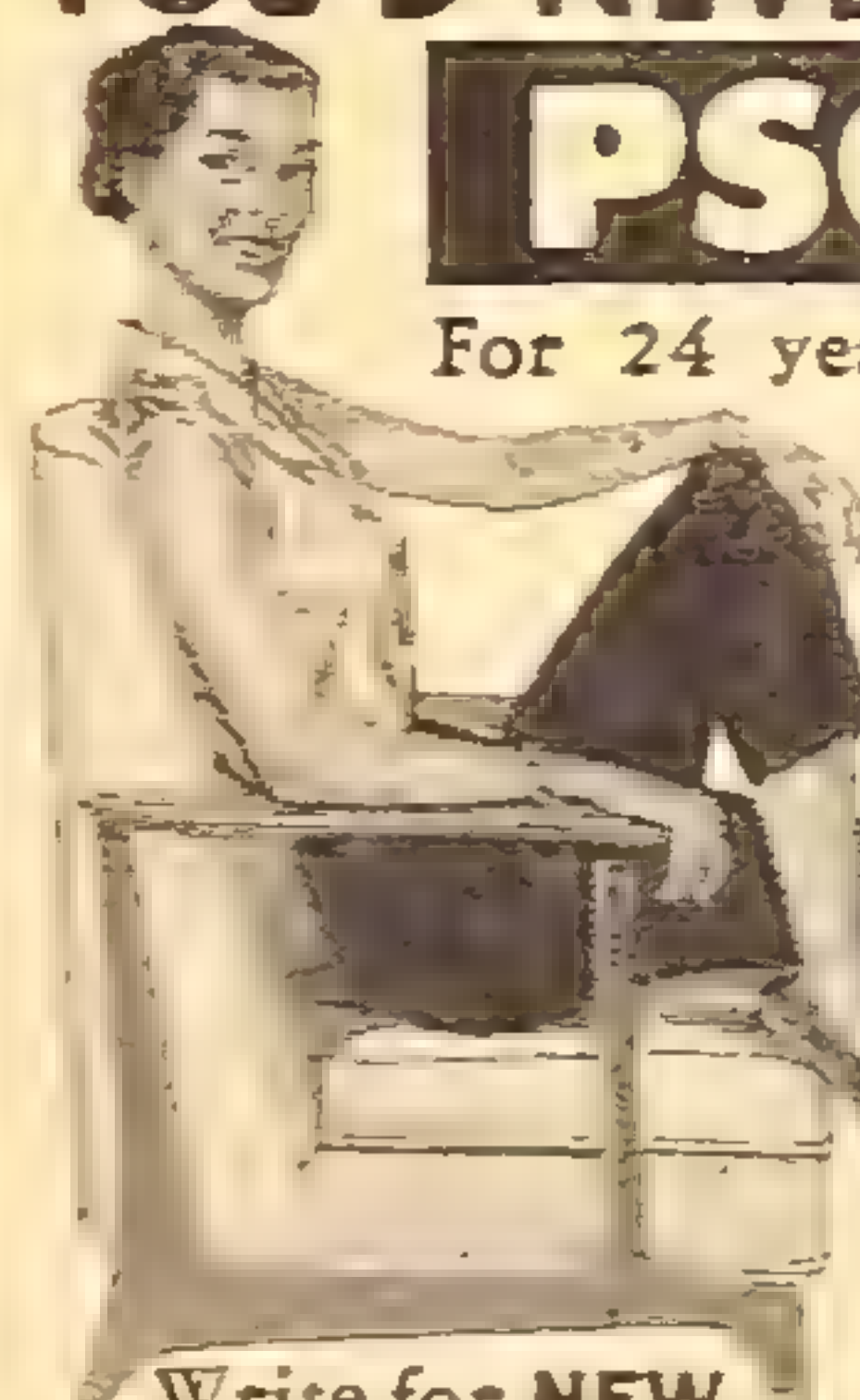
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for them below his stature as head of the house. There is nothing he can imagine doing that wouldn't be more fun if his children are along. And their mother is there to wipe their noses and comfort their hurts and play their games. "You see," she says, "I have learned this: security isn't a place—it's a person. If you love your children and keep them under your wing, you can travel anywhere. And they will love it."

A terrific scene

Today Ingrid is a happy woman. With Roberto she learned to let go of her emotions. "The Italians shout and scream and you think they are going to kill each other. In Sweden where I come from everyone talks softly, but when they get angry they carry it with them for twenty years. In Italy they get it over with. Roberto can be very violent, but I'm getting used to it. I still hate screaming, but the Italian way is better..."

Yes, there have been many changes in Ingrid. But in one way she has not changed. Her greatest virtue—and perhaps her greatest fault—is still intact. Her courage. Her uncompromising dogged, honest, courage. It was that courage that made her reveal her love affair to the world when another woman would have hidden it. It was that courage that made her claim her child, though he was born out of wedlock, instead of giving him up, as other women have done. It was that courage that brought her through those terrible days with her mind and soul intact. It was that courage that made her confess that she had sinned, and ask freely for a chance to be judged by her future, not by her past. And it was that courage that brought her back to America, to the one place that had never forgiven her.

With dignity and assurance

Yet, the NEW YORK FILM CRITICS offered her an award for her work in *Anastasia*, and because she knew she deserved the award for a job well done, she came here to accept it. She obtained a thirty-three hour leave from the Paris theatre in which she was playing to rave reviews in *Tea And Sympathy*. She traveled, for the first time, without the supporting hand of

Roberto—facing alone a condemning world. And she regained her place in our hearts.

By her dignity.

By the calm assurance with which she met reporters and old friends. By the honesty of her smile and the sincere friendliness with which she said, "Fortunately, I have a bad memory. I am not built to hold a grudge. Whatever was said about me—I have forgotten it. Let's go on from there."

By the misty glow in her eyes when she emerged from a half-hour telephone conversation with Pia, now a college girl in Colorado, to say, "I cannot talk about it. What is between a mother and her daughter is personal..."

And by the tears that came to her eyes when she found waiting for her at the airport the same kids, now grown up who used to wait for her outside the ALVIN THEATRE night after night. With signs, held high and proud in their hands. Welcome, Miss Bergman. Dear Ingrid, we missed you. With the old respect, but new understanding, on their faces.

And from one end of New York to another, faces smiled in at her car window and hands pressed through the crowd to drop little gifts—tokens of unforgotten affection—on her lap.

It was for Ingrid, for all of us, a memorable thirty-three hours. She appeared on a television program, and was not denounced in one single phone call or letter she was photographed by a hundred magazines and papers, and treated with respect and dignity by them all.

"I am not ashamed," Ingrid said. "I am not doing penance for anything."

And that is as it should be. The time of shame and penance is gone now, and with it the old dead memories. We have taken Ingrid back to our hearts, and we should be proud that we have done so, and perhaps ashamed that in our righteousness we rejected her at all. For what was that Christ said?...

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone..."

Ingrid Bergman can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Anastasia*. Watch for her soon in Warner Bros. Paris Doc *Strange Things*.

rebel from dodge city

(Continued from page 59) neighbor was five miles in the opposite direction. In all his very young life he had no one to play with, and the long days on the farm were spent in the companionship of animals. There was Porcupine, the pig he had raised himself and given special care, the goose and Puddles the dog. When he tired of the one-sided conversations, the boy threw himself headlong into his favorite game *I pretend*. By turns he was a soldier, a cowboy, a knight, a king, and whatever the character he pretended to be, he was always a hero, loved and acclaimed by those who surrounded him.

Today Dennis Hopper still plays the same game, for much the same reasons. He is an actor in his own right, and although he never had any dramatic training, he has the world of the theatre by the tail. His first professional stint, the role of an epileptic on TV's *Medic* brought him offers from four studios. Dennis signed with WARNER BROS., specifically because he knew that there he had a chance at the role of Jordan Benedict III in *Giant*. He got it, through the faith of director George Stevens. "I called him in to read for the part," says Stevens, "and for some

do it, so I told him I believed in him and would give him five minutes to decide if he could do the part. He went outside and when he came back he looked at me and said, 'I can do it'. I think his performance proves my belief in his talent. Dennis is an instinctive actor. He'll go far."

Pleased, but frightened

Dennis was eighteen when he began work in *Giant*, and two years later he stood in the lobby of New York's ROYAL THEATRE, following the premiere of the film and was mobbed by fans. To Dennis it was a pleasing yet frightening experience, particularly when a girl in the crowd screamed "I've got to touch him!" It stunned him, this sudden fame. Up to that point he hadn't thought anyone knew he was alive, then suddenly there was this hysteria swirling around him. He was pleased because it meant he had proved himself and he was frightened because he is so and uncomfortable in crowds.

His early years made him shy and lonely. His parents lived in Dodge City, his father working at the grocery store, his mother running the town's swimming pool, and Dennis grew up with the companionship only of his grandparents and the farm animals. He longed to see a mountain, to see a skyscraper. The Saturday morning movies became for him the

escape from existence into life. He was when his brother David was born, David was born too late to be a pal. When Dennis began school he walked the miles alone to Dodge City, except in weather when his grandfather drove him to town in the pick-up truck. The other kids called him Clodhopper, and teased him for his shyness. He became more and more withdrawn, and vividly remembers the day he tried to make conversation with a teacher. She was painting a chair as he entered the classroom, and in a painful effort at sociability he asked, "What are you doing—painting a chair?" The teacher laughed. "Isn't that part of Dennis?" she said to the class. "He thinks I'm painting a chair." Even today when he thinks of it, he squints as though suffering. "I hated that teacher," he says. "I don't think any kid had as much of a day as that one was to me." It was things like this, small things that would add up off the back of a less sensitive boy, but they turned Dennis into a rebel.

Dennis changes

When he was twelve the family moved to Kansas City, where his father went to work for the RAILWAY EXPRESS and they lived in what Dennis refers to as "a beat-house in the tenement district." Streets and alleys swarmed with kids, with adults, and with trash. Dennis' grandfather, leaving Kansas City, looked at the teaming masses and littered streets and said, "It seems like everybody's behind in their cleaning."

As for Dennis, he was bug-eyed. He had never known there were so many people in the world. Because he had been lonely, this sudden entrance into a life filled with humanity, in Kansas City, showed him for the first time real human emotions rather than just movie plots; and he began forming his own ideas. At school he bucked authority, was caught talking in the halls, argued with teachers because he refused to accept anyone else's ideas, and more than once was asked to leave school.

Two years later the family moved again, this time to San Diego. Here, at fourteen, Dennis mulled over the ways in which he might prove himself to other people. He began to want, more than anything, to be accepted, to find a field in which he could excel. For a while he thought about becoming an artist, and painted pastels at the NELSON ART GALLERY. He tried writing poetry, and at the same time played third base on the school baseball team. He excelled in Golden Glove tournaments and went out for football too; but he realized the best field would be one in which he could express himself. Finally, he thought about acting. He became active in the school speech contests, won them all, and ended up by winning California's State declamation contests three years in a row. He had found his work; he'd be an actor.

mind of his own

His family disapproved. All this talk about acting and poetry and painting; these things would never bring in any money. They thought, and they told him, that he was going to turn into a bum. He disregarded what they said, and continued regarding his teachers' opinions as well. He refused to read books, to go to class, to study, to join organizations, and was again kicked out of school for arguing with the staff. The other kids at school were impressed. Dennis, they said, was a leader; he would never follow anyone. They began calling him the Conqueror, and eventually, Napoleon, a name which stuck throughout school. His report cards were splattered with D's and F's, yet his classmates voted him as the student most

likely to succeed after he graduated.

"It was pretty crazy," Dennis says now. "I remember Mr. Page—he had charge of the school annual—and he kept asking me if I thought I would graduate. My grades were so bad, and yet the kids had decided I was most likely to succeed, and poor old Page didn't know whether or not to put my picture in the annual."

"Some day . . ."

In the meantime, he was wetting his feet in the world of the theatre. For \$25 a week he worked backstage at the nearby LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE, where he painted scenery, played records, pulled curtains, drove the station wagon to pick up Hollywood's famous stars at the airport, "And," he grins, "latrine duty." Having decided to become an actor, Dennis was deeply impressed by the big-name stars with whom he came in contact, but his individuality, his personal pride, didn't buckle under. One morning he was sleeping in the theatre having worked all night to tear down scenery for a last-minute change, and had been asleep only one hour when a voice bellowed through the empty theatre. Dennis opened one eye to see Jose Ferrer, director of the current show, striding toward him. "Hey, you!" called Ferrer, "give me a dime." Up to this point Dennis had worshipped Ferrer from afar, considering him the zenith of actors, producers and directors. But suddenly he was very annoyed.

"I make \$25 a week," he said stiffly. "I don't have a dime."

Ferrer apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realize. I only wanted a dime to make a phone call." He gave Dennis five dollars and left, and Dennis thought, "Some day I'll be an actor, too."

It wasn't long in coming. On the strength of his victories in the state speech contests, he was given the role of Lorenzo in San Diego's National Shakespearean Festival presentation of *Merchant Of Venice*—and was the only high school boy ever to play in the Festival, which ordinarily requires two years of college from its actors. Dorothy McGuire and her husband John Swope saw him in this and arranged an introduction to a Hollywood casting director, Ruth Birch. Miss Birch got him a part—ten lines worth—in a TV production of *Cavalcade Of America*, and from this came his first really professional job—the epileptic boy on *Medic*. This led to the WARNER BROS. contract, and the coveted part as Rock Hudson's doctor son in *Giant*.

Without training, Dennis gave a magnificent performance. Yet he is aware, now more than ever before, how much he has to learn.

Dennis and females

Today he lives alone in a second-floor apartment—"a one-room job and a bath with a marble shower." He says he's happiest when he's in the shower.

His most frequent date has been Natalie Wood, with whom he admits he can't get along. "Can't get along!" explodes Nick Adams, Dennis' closest friend, "Those two fight like cats and dogs. I spend all my time patching them up!"

According to Dennis, the rifts are his own fault. "We can't get along because I can't be a follower. I have to lead. I have my own thoughts and I can't agree with hers. Besides—maybe all females are that way—but Nat blows hot and cold. She's inconsistent, and it confuses me."

Insofar as "females" are concerned, Dennis figures he'll probably marry some day. "But I won't be easy to live with. I go off on strange tangents. Why, I might not even come home for three days. It wouldn't be fair to a girl to have to live



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with me—I'm still too involved with myself. Besides, I can't get along with people too well. Sometimes I try, sometimes I don't care!"

A new Napoleon

His next role delights him. He will play Napoleon in *The Story Of Mankind*. In SAN DIEGO'S COMMUNITY THEATER there hangs a portrait of Napoleon, underneath which is a copy of his famous tri-cornered hat. One day Dennis put it on, and those present sucked in their breath. Except for his blond hair, he was the living image of the conqueror. So there is a double reason Dennis has always wanted to portray Napoleon. He not only resembles him physically; he has great admiration for

the man and feels he is very like him. By now Dennis has his family's approval, as well as that of professional actors. Says Rock Hudson, with whom Dennis had most of his important scenes in *Giant*, "Dennis has great potential as an actor. He has a natural talent that is rare, and he'll go places."

So, for Dennis Hopper, the world is rosy one. He has seen his mountains and his skyscrapers, and he has lost himself in a world of make-believe, only to find himself. For the Little Corporal, the stage is set.

Dennis can be seen in *Giant*, a Warner release. Watch for him soon in *The Story Of Mankind*.

bogey

(Continued from page 40) in much for any outward display of affection. On the card he said, *You'll always be the best in my book. Love, Bogey. I'll always treasure that card.*

Several days after, Lauren Bacall—his Betty—telephoned and said if I could be there by 5:30, I could see him.

As I walked through the door of the library I managed to keep him from seeing how shocked I was by his wasted-away appearance. He was drinking sherry and, as usual, smoking a long cigarette. He said, "You'll excuse me if I don't get up?"

Then, after this unexpected bit of chivalry from him, he launched immediately into his favorite mood—at least, one of his best-known moods—of "giving hell" to another columnist who had just printed that he had been spirited away to the eighth floor of the LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. "I sent her a wire she won't soon forget!" he snarled happily.

I would have tried to calm him down a bit except that he seemed to be enjoying the fireworks so thoroughly. Having proven to himself, and me, that he was still the old fightin' Bogey, he was soon on another of his favorite subjects of conversation, his Betty.

What Betty meant to him

When she left the room to attend to some detail or other for his comfort, he said, "That's a great woman. My Betty is a good wife, a fine mother and a wonderful actress. She'll last longer than most of the broads on the screen because she's got it here"—touching his heart.

Betty may have many things written about her, but nothing will come so completely from the heart as those proud words of Bogey's.

I had been warned to stay no longer than a half hour and my time was about up. I rose to go.

"When are you coming back, Lol? Don't stay away now. Just call Betty when you're coming."

I told him I would be back the next week. But next week didn't come.

No, I try not to think of that desperately ill Bogey when I think of him over the long years of our friendship—as gallant as he was at our last meeting.

I like to think of him as he was, typically Bogey, one week end last winter at Palm Springs. He and Betty, David Niven and Hjordis, the Mike Romanoffs, Irving Lazar, Jack Entratter—all his boon buddies—were the houseguests of Frank Sinatra.

The deep friendship between Bogey and Frank surprised a lot of people, some cynics declaring, *They may be friends temporarily—but one day they'll haul off and*

let each other have it. Two battlers never hit it off.

Bogey and Frankie not only hit it off but their friendship grew to such an extent that Bogey on one occasion was horribly insulting to a man in a cafe he had never met before!

When someone asked him why he had delivered such a tirade to a perfect stranger, he snapped, "The slob was nasty Frankie!"

That's the kind of friends they were and Bogey loved being around the singer and visiting him in the desert.

On the afternoon I speak of, five or six of them were playing croquet on Frank's lawn. The only person in the group who was an expert on croquet was Bogart, and under these ideal circumstances he was having a ball for himself!

Cheating like crazy, he made up one set of rules for himself, moving his ball with his foot when they weren't looking, swearing he had already been through a wicket when he hadn't, refusing to let opponents hit him when they were eligible to do so—and in general conducting a game of complete havoc all in his favor.

Realizing that I knew some of the rules he'd wink as he went by my chair in the sun. At the end of two or three of the completely chaotic games, all won by Bogey, the other players owed him quite a sum of money—they'd been playing some amount per wicket.

"Ahhhhh, I don't want your money," he snarled, tossing back the five, ten, a twenty dollar bills they were handing him. "You're all such lousy players I would be caught dead with your cash on me!"

It was a typical Bogart stunt and one which he enjoyed himself immensely.

The charmed circle

This same group, which called themselves *The Holmby Hills Rat Pack*—Joey Garland and Sid Luft also belonged to the charmed circle—kidded each other unmercifully, and were never happier than when pulling a practical joke or an "insult" on the other fellow.

Betty once said, "Sometimes it's like being with a bunch of children. Idiot children, I mean."

Later on, during this same week the gang was gathered around a cocktail table beside the swimming pool, Bogey having a few nips and diving into a tin of caviar which Irving Lazar had brought as a present for Frank.

Bogey loved caviar and was spread perhaps more than his quota of the pensive delicacy on small pieces of toast and popping it into his mouth.

"I really enjoy this stuff," he said with his mouth full.

"If you like it so much, why don't you buy a tin?" cracked Lazar, whose favorite sport was ribbing Bogey about his reputation for being a slow man with a big

"I wouldn't enjoy it as much then," named the irrepressible Humphrey Bogart. He got an enormous kick out of the fact that Frankie was doing most of the cooking for the group, all except breakfast. He's not awake for breakfast, and besides you can't eat spaghetti at that hour. He's a mean man with a charcoal griller and a kernel of garlic."

As Frankie, arrayed in beige slacks, apron and an apron around his middle, stood over the broiler to test the meat, his hand pointed in Bogey's direction, the other called, "Hey, Frankie. You're getting a little matronly!"

But with all their insults and gags, The Rat Pack was perhaps the most devoted circle of friends in this town.

Part the actor

His marriage to his adored Betty had brought Bogey into contact with a much younger group than he had associated with during any one of his other three marriages, and he was known to stay up all night when he wasn't working egging Frank on to sing just one more number for him.

He emphasized that phrase—when he isn't working—because it's foolish to resent the nonsense he enjoyed so much and ignore the larger part of his character: his complete dedication to his work and career.

He ate, slept and then dreamed films. The public hasn't a damned bit of right in my private life," he was fond of saying, "but if I turn in a lousy acting job, the fans and the critics have every right to fire away at me."

Winning the Oscar for *African Queen* in 1944 was one of the most important moments of his life. He loathed a display of sentiment or anything that savored of emotionalism, but I honestly thought he was going to cry when he made his speech after he had won the cherished prize.

Even so, he carried it off with a gag when I complimented him later for winning Best Actor honors in that picture. Well, I should have won. I played a drunken skipper, and that's one thing I know about!"

ennis, anyone?

Because of his undisguised appreciation for a nip or two, plus his rough-talk, rough-man tactics, many people who don't know him assumed that he had been born in the slums. On the contrary, he was born in a Park Avenue mansion in New York. His father, Belmont Bogart, was a prominent doctor and had hoped Bogey would follow in his footsteps. His mother, Maude Humphreys, was an artist and a magazine illustrator. His family had wealth, and he received a fine education at TRINITY and at ANDOVER, even though he did leave the latter hall of learning before graduation "by request."

His high spirits gave him a one-way ticket out of ANDOVER, but not before he had caught the acting bug in college plays. His first professional acting job came from Broadway producer William A. Brady, one of his father's patients. I saw him in *Madle Snatchers*, in which he made famous the line *Tennis, anyone?* It was during the run of that hit show that I first met him.

I also knew him through all four of his marriages, first to stage actress Helen Menken; then Mary Phillips, and his most explosive mate, the late Mayo Methot. The battles of Mayo and Bogey became famous both in Hollywood and on Broadway. I was in a cafe one night when she threw a glass of whiskey in his face. But he adored him. Often, after she left Bogey, Mayo wrote me asking me how Bogey was and if I had seen him.

three marriages was more than compensated for when he fell in love with and married Lauren (Betty) Bacall during the filming of *To Have And Have Not*.

The greatest happiness

His Betty brought him the greatest happiness a man can know in marriage. Gay, sophisticated, stunning to look at, young and very much in love with him, Betty gave him everything he could ask for in life. They had two lovely children, eight-year-old Stephen and the little girl, Leslie. Their four-year-old daughter was named after Leslie Howard, the devoted friend and late star who was responsible for launching Bogey's screen career by insisting on having Bogey in the screen version of their successful play, *The Petrified Forest*.

There was a line of dialogue Lauren spoke in *To Have And Have Not* which not only became very well quoted, but was sort of a private theme of their deep love story. It was, "If you want anything, just whistle."

During their romance, they exchanged little gold whistles on which were engraved those words. And Bogey's remained with him to the very end: at Betty's request, that little gold whistle was placed in the urn holding Bogey's ashes after his cremation.

Since last March when Bogey had the operation on his esophagus, my heart and thoughts have often gone out to Betty. The brilliant surgeon Dr. John Jones, a close friend of mine, had been completely honest with the Bogarts about his illness. "He has cancer and I hope the operation has checked it. But only time will tell," he told Betty.

In the beginning and in the first state of shock, Betty had wanted to give up everything—her career, her friends, going out.

Then she was told that this was the worst thing for him. He would think he was dying. So Betty, with pain in her heart and a smile on her lips, continued her screen work—and even accepted a social invitation occasionally.

"I feel fine"

It was Bogey who urged her to go with the Romanoffs to Las Vegas to celebrate her birthday last year. Frankie was playing an engagement at the SANDS, and he wanted to throw a party for her. "Go and have some fun," Bogey told her. "I feel fine."

And I think he meant that he would soon be well.

Many people believe that Bogey knew he was dying of cancer. I will argue this with anyone. Too many things point the other way, point to the fact that he thoroughly believed he would recover.

For one thing, he was going to sue a New York newspaper that printed that he was in a coma. Just a few days before his death, he had telephoned the men in charge of his boat, the *Santana*, to have it repainted. He was constantly getting COLUMBIA STUDIO head Harry Cohn on the telephone and suggesting ideas for "my next picture"—*The Good Shepherd*.

He told Mike Romanoff just before the last, "I'll start work when I put on some weight. I'm too thin now to photograph well and I need to build up my strength."

At three o'clock on the Monday morning he died, when a telephone call came through—Betty had promised to let me know of any change—I couldn't believe it. He had died at 2:15 a.m.

As one of his devoted friends and fans, I had hoped against my certain knowledge otherwise, that the courage back of the greatest performance of his life would pull him through.

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Mike Wallace's problem
with women . . . Earl Wilson's
dye job . . . Julie Andrews'
cockney accent . . . and an incident
about Jimmy Dean are
part of this month's

TV TALK



Two fans recognizing Lawrence Welk were in for a delightful surprise.



Does this man look like a lady killer? Sgt. Bilko thinks so and now has Doberman believing it.

Lawrence Welk is undoubtedly friendlier to his fans than any other big tv star. One day not long ago he was walking along the street in Hollywood when a couple from the Midwest thought they recognized him. They stopped him and asked if he really was Welk. He not only stopped and said yes and chatted with them, but went on to invite them to his rehearsal, even offering to send a car for them! Now *that's* the way to stay popular . . . You may have read an item that puzzled you about **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** when they were in New York to do *Mayerling*. And no wonder. It puzzled us too. It said that Audrey had given Mel a mink-lined raincoat! We couldn't quite see Mel parading around the streets of New York, or anywhere else for that matter, in mink. So we checked—and here's the real mink story in the Ferrer family. First of all, it's Audrey that has the fur-lined coat of course. Several seasons ago, when she made her spectacular Broadway debut in *Gigi*, she decided she wanted a mink although she didn't have enough money to buy it. So she got one on the installment plan. By the time she'd finished paying for it, the fur was showing its age, so she had the coat altered into a lining. Then she had three coats made—a raincoat, a white satin affair, and a flannel. The mink lining fits into all three, and the mink collar and cuffs (which turn back) show on all three. She can also wear the raincoat, the white satin, and the gray flannel by themselves. So she's got six coats in one. Pretty clever, we think—and a lot more sensible than Mel's wearing mink! . . . An incident about the late **Jimmy Dean**: He went to a party one night, and as usual kept pretty much to himself. He spent most of the evening lying on the floor in front of a blazing fire. Another guest accidentally knocked the fireplace screen over on Jimmy. But although it was almost white-hot and the sparks were flying every which way—Jimmy didn't move a muscle. He explained why: Jimmy had decided not to let outside things bother him, in order to keep himself from getting involved with other people and other things. That's why, he claimed, he didn't encourage confidences from his acquaintances. And that's why he refused to flinch when the searing metal screen fell

on him . . . It's hard to believe, but when **Ingrid Bergman** was in New York for those fast thirty-six hours to accept an award from the New York Film Critics, she found time somehow to sit down at the phone and call all sorts of old friends just to say *hello*. A very thoughtful lady, for her schedule was so jam-packed with interviews and shopping and parties that she'd have been excused if she hadn't said boo to anyone. Miss Bergman is dying to do a play on Broadway, incidentally . . . You'd think, after all the publicity surrounding the birth of a princess to **Grace Kelly** and **Prince Rainier**, that the parents could have dispensed with announcements. But no. A few weeks after the event, the formal announcements arrived in the mailboxes of all of Grace's show-business friends—even in the boxes of actors she'd done tv work with years before Hollywood ever heard of her . . . Many actors, in private, are a notoriously catty crew; each one thinks he can play every part better than anyone else, and says so—but not in public. That's why we nominate as the silliest scenes on television those interview spots where an emcee asks one actor how he enjoyed another's performance. In public, they *always* rave. No actor is going to sit in front of a tv camera and announce that he hated the play he just saw, or stand in front of a movie house at a premiere and say the show stinks. So don't pay any attention to any public endorsements . . . **Mike Wallace**, whose hard-hitting interviews on *Night Beat* are the talk of New York and will go network in June, has a terrible time getting women to go on his show. It's not because the girls are afraid of Mike's questions, however; it's because of the lighting on the show. Sitting in a small dark studio under a spotlight accents every little wrinkle. The girls can face the probing into their personal and professional lives, but not into their complexions! . . . Incidentally, don't believe the stories that all of Mike's guests are stripped bare and sit there divulging facts they'd prefer the audience didn't know. Some of the guests manage to keep all their secrets quite nicely—or slip out of answering questions so smoothly that the audience doesn't even know what's happening. Some of them even lie quite bla-

tantly and get away with it . . . Most people think that all uneducated Englishmen talk with a Cockney accent. This is not true. Cockney accent is spoken only by people from a certain section of London. It just so happens that **Julie Andrews** is from that section and her opening speeches and songs in *My Fair Lady* are pure, correct Cockney. It's so pure, in fact, that American audiences have a terrible time understanding her at first. She and **Stanley Holloway** and **Bob Coote** and **Rex Harrison** always know when Englishmen are in the audience because only then do Julie and Holloway get laughs with some of the lines. They can understand . . . *My Fair Lady*, by the way, is not the same show every night. Coote and Harrison have been playing it for so long now that they sometimes stick some original lines just for the fun of it . . . You probably won't be seeing **Bradford Dillman** and **Jason Robards Jr.** on television very much until the Broadway run of *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is over. Their parts are so exhausting that they don't have the strength left over to do any television. Sunday, the day Broadway stars have off at the day they swarm all over the tv channels. In fact, for a while they were having trouble just getting through their lines in the play. They were getting so wrapped up in the long parts that they were actually blacking out. Now they're breathing into brown paper bags during the intermissions—and finally they can make it through the performance without fainting . . . **Earl Wilson** went along with the gag the night the new *Tonight Show* had him get his hair dyed red in full view of the tv audience. But he was really dying of embarrassment, and tried to get it dyed back to his own graying brown-black the very next day. Unfortunately, the second dye job didn't take, and poor Earl had to keep going back until he finally looked like his old self. Never again, he swears . . . **Maurice Gosfield** who plays **Doberman** on *The Phil Silvers Show*, has never had it so good professionally. His success in the part has boosted his ego to the point where he's turned into a natty dresser. He even looks upon himself as a lady killer, just the way Doberman did when Sergeant Bilko has conned him into

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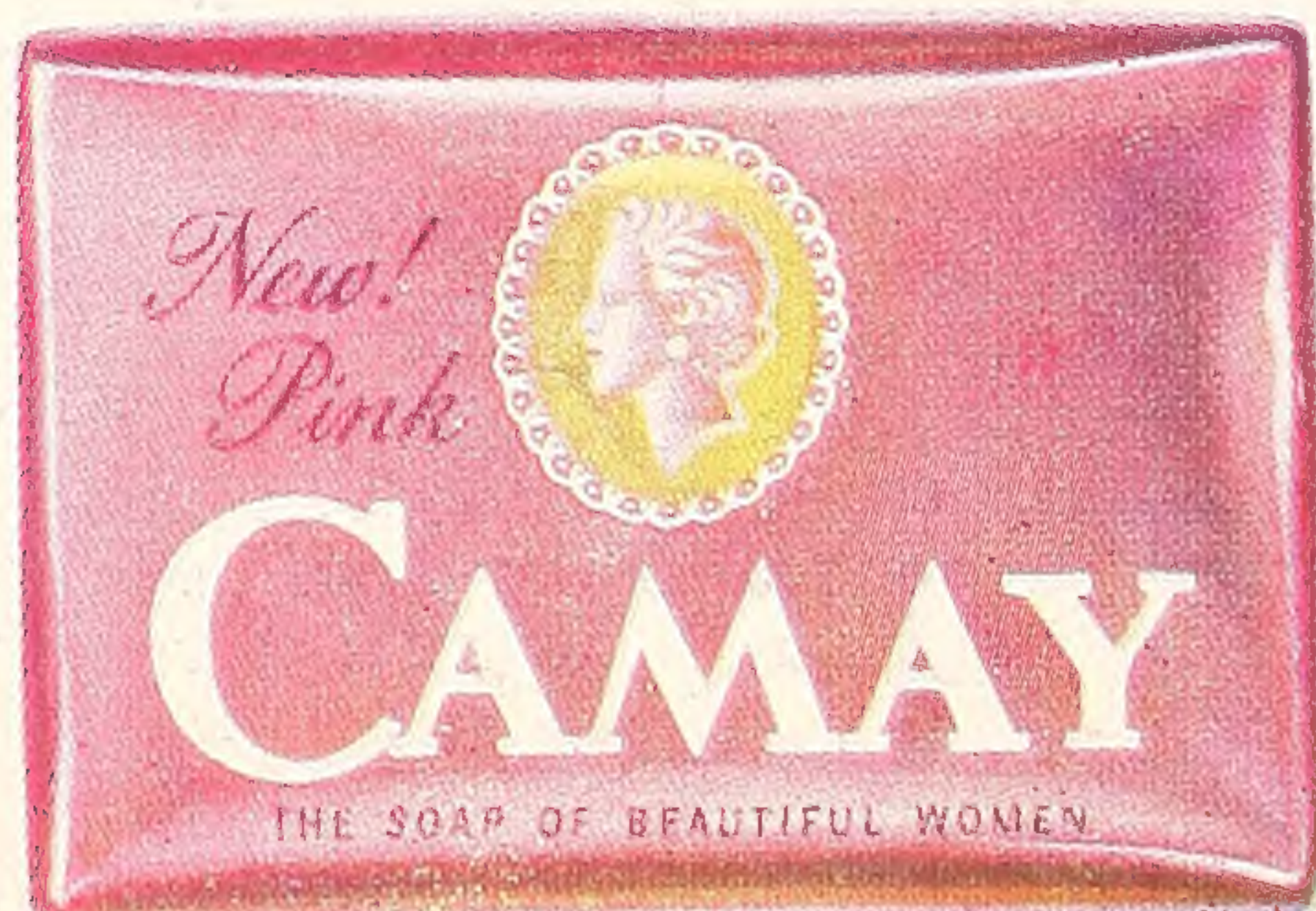
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